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The
Teaching of the Old Boy

THE TEACHING OF THE OLD BOY

By

Tom MacInnes

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Author's Note

I HAD intended writing a great book, which might have been called FIVE RELIGION FOUNDERS. In the main it would have been about five persons; each of whom is the nominal founder of a formulated religion which is supposed to conserve his teachings; his creed or code; his rule of life; his plan of salvation or escape from the insistent miseries of existence, here or hereafter. A person of average intellect who will take the trouble to study with open mind the evidence adduced by the informed followers of any one of these five; a person not afflicted with a mania for denying in order to be confirmed in one opinion; will find reasonable grounds for believing that all five of these particular religion founders actually lived and taught in some fashion as their present devotees think they did.

But whether these teachers lived and taught in the body as we picture them now is not of

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such vital importance in the secular history of man as might at first appear. The one thing of grave consequence is that undeniably the *body of teachings* attributed to each of these five has, approximately from the date attributed to each of them, been reverently and often militantly impressed upon the world by organized bodies of followers. These teachings, emanating variously in the name of one or another of the five, have largely swayed the conduct of millions after millions of people since they were first proclaimed, right down to our own day. They probably will continue to do so for a long time to come; and will continue to be given in the name of one or another of the five to whom they are attributed. That being that, and having in view both the extensive and intensive effect produced thereby, I think we may with propriety refer to all five of these persons as *great teachers*; whether we accept their teaching or not. Moreover, anyone whose early religious training, or subsequent revulsion therefrom, has not so twisted him subconsciously as to prevent him being rational about this or that particular teacher or phase of

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religion, may assume with reasonable certitude that in each case the core of the respective teachings came from the tongue or pen of one original person whose character, career and name were handed down to us by his first followers as truly, and with as sincere intent, as average evidence is given nowadays in average courts of law. In one or another phase the teachings may have been amplified later to good purpose by inspired ones who followed; or they may have been altered deliberately to suit ecclesiastical strategy. But to begin with they did not just radio of themselves one fine day through a hole in the sky. They were given out in each case through one particular, first person. And that one was the one.

Having more or less fixed convictions concerning the cause and use and excuse for religion among the apparent creatures of this world—at least among such as range perceptibly from protozoa along to ourselves—I thought I might outline in one book the traditional stories of the Prince of Philosophers, the Sage, the Blessed One, the Prince of Peace, and the Prophet of
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God. I might have attempted to retell and appreciate the value of their central teachings as if in this very hour and for the first time. But now, finding myself unable to complete the work, I select for publication only what I have written down relating to the first of the five; the Ancient One who was named the Old Boy.

There are many and many who are qualified to write of the other four religion founders; and with vastly more of learning now, and preparation and skill, in the interest of whatever group or opinion they support, or purely in furtherance of the truth, than ever I could hope to do. But I do not think that there is any other writer now living who is so well qualified as myself to put into right plain words the moral, practical, political, spiritual and arcane aphorisms of the Ancient One. For I am like a person long gone aside from the present aspect; I am one listening in the memory of a belated secretary to the Keeper of the Western Gate.

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The Teaching of the Old Boy

Legend of the Life

ONE evening, in the Thistle District of the Bramble Province in the Established State, a young maid went strolling by herself along a footpath across the fields. She saw a star fall. It was of beauty so piercing, and there was somewhat of it so intimately sweet and ultimate of herself, that straightway in pristine fashion she conceived. Thereafter she lived as would a chaste widow; and she was far advanced in years before her heaven-sent child was born. But her appearance was ever that of a beautiful young matron.

It happened at the time of her delivery that she was on a journey. Arriving toward night at Wiseman's Corner, in Gristmill County, with one sole attendant, a lame old serving-woman, she made camp for the night under a

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plum tree. It was in the chill of early spring. At sun-up the next morning the child was born. His hair was white as the blossoms on the tree. And because of that, and the many years which had passed while he came to form for this world, he was called the Old Boy. By the same token in his mother tongue that might also mean the Venerable Philosopher; and as such he was regarded before he disappeared into the deserts of the West. Long after his disappearance he was referred to by some as the Prince of Philosophers; and by some as the Prince of the Power Active. This was in very proper refutation of the reputation given him, by the adverse learned and the assenters, of being the champion Do-Nothing of his day.

Few details are recorded of his life. He was of unobtrusive disposition; giving little occasion for talk among the neighbours while he was young. From early boyhood he was an original thinker; but he kept what he thought to himself, and qualified for entry into the Civil Service.

Eventually at the capital he earned his living

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as Clerk of the Records. He dwelt as a good son with his lone mother; supporting her in such comfort as he could with his meagre salary and profitable perquisites. By some who spoke against him it was said that he was so immoral as not to bring home even one daughter-in-law for the ease and dignity of his mother in her declining days; and that he had no sons. It was said that selfishly he remained celibate in order to avoid domestic entanglements; and in proof of that he is quoted as saying that the male is chiefly overcome by the female in this world through her power in a deceptive seeming of weakness and continual compliance and acquiescence, whereby she rounds him to her own way as complying water rounds a stone. But all that may have been only malicious gossip by orthodox zealots of the established orthodoxy; seeking to damage his reputation. Indeed his followers say, in his defence, that he truly had descendants in the flesh, and that they did not all die out until several centuries after his disappearance. But what matter? Allow it to be true that he took to himself no wives, as a proper citizen

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should do, nevertheless it may be excused in his case because of the special work which he had undertaken. And anyway, what need we care now about the morality of his life as he chose to lead it; that is, in the meaning of morality as understood from time to time; following the good form and approved customs of your group? The Old Boy did his own work in his own way, with an eye ever to something beyond himself; and beyond you and me and all the others, from the Lord Above to the Lord Below. Doubtless he was taciturn at times; and he did not care to be interfered with by anyone except his mother; and doubtless also, like another great teacher who followed five hundred years later, he would quickly have put her in her place if ever she had attempted to interfere with the unfoldment in him of that upon which he was so intent. But the Ancient One had called his own mother from afar. And through all her long life that blessed mother was beautiful to him as was the plum tree in blossom under which she had given him birth; when the grace of spring was stirring through the earth.

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But if the Old Boy had no fear of being left disconsolate after death because of not having founded a family, or on account of having no commemorative ceremonies performed for him by a son of his own, which was very likely to be the case according to the prevailing opinion in his country then and long after, doubtless also he would have had a quiet grin at any promise of an empty immortality through progeny; that is to say, the unwitting biological continuance suggested in later ages by the hopelessly learned in another part of the world. The Ancient One was a very practical quietist; he stood in unafraid. Also he was the first futurist recorded as such; by futurist of course not meaning the like of those lopsided fantastics who fancy that the supreme achievement is never to sleep or be still; preferring to be ever whirling wide-awake on their own little curves. Such realize nothing, it seems, of the wide consciousness to be attained through learning to let go and be still. The Ancient One was none the less a futurist because he hearkened back continually to the simplicity of a past age. He did not honour anything

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merely because it had been long established; or because it had come down unchanged from the long ago. On the other hand, he could not see any everlasting game of God, for ever winning more and more; neither could he see any final wind-up and eternal decision and allotment of things created. He knew that things might be better hereafter; and he had reason to realize that they might be worse. He knew that each item of life existing was the outcome of itself in its own point of desire before it existed; and that when it succumbed in the natural course it found itself for ever remaining under itself from which to lift up again.

The Ancient One looked back into bygone days, seeing them only as when shining new-minted from the sun. To him they came as coined from the uncoined bullion beyond the circulation of existence.

The Old Boy would not carry or cherish or bemoan any traditional burden or grievance or sin long forgone; and better forgotten. He would glance back willingly only to such lines and curves of the receding past as might be

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remembered without troubling the present ; or discouraging any in going right ahead to the future. Indeed, he was breathing often to the future, wherein he hoped might be full recovery or attainment of the universal joyous age of which all creatures dream. And when in idle hours he would be strumming on his dulcimer I think he seldom recalled sorrow, or made too much lament over the good times gone. Rather he would lilt to himself, and lift himself, in the golden ballads of by and by. Yet, looking to the past, he praised days when men could travel farther, and see more with enjoyment, in crossing from their own fields to the edge of the horizon where the hospitable smoke of a neighbour's kitchen curled easily into the sky, than men nowadays find in flying so fast around the world that they almost overtake themselves in time before they are well away ; and so become bored with the nothingness of their journey. The Old Boy said that without looking beyond the back yard one might know the world entire ; that without looking through the window one might see the Way of Heaven ; and that the farther some speeders travel the less they per-

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ceive. But likely that would be one of his special little secrets ; that staying in one room, and listening and seeing and feeling all around the world.

Decade after decade the Old Boy remained at the capital in charge of the archives. Some tell that he appeared in distant regions at various times of his life. If that were so it would have been only in some dream body. Because, knowing that he was going so far where he was, he felt no urge to move on from one seat to another, like a restless passenger nowadays in a railway train. And while he was thinking into the secret of secrets, and feeling the way when it was beyond thinking, any travelling from one place to another would have been for him but the discomfort of going from one dullness to another to arrange himself.

Slowly a few, who were open to the waves and whispering winds of finer worlds, became aware of unusual wisdom in the very silence of the Ancient One. His fame spread. Men came to consult him. In daily speech and behaviour they seldom found him other than

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ordinary; although at times he had toward formalists a style of trenchant surprise.

One day a notable young man, having disciples, came to question him concerning his doctrine. This young man was very meticulous in all matters touching propriety and good form. He had already become an exemplar to many; and some even whispered that he was a Sage. In their meaning of the word a Sage was the very highest manifestation of intellect and good conduct which was possible in human form. The Ancient One was approached with due deference. After the formal reception, and customary refreshment, the younger man awaited the pleasure of the elder before opening any discussion as to what is and what is not; and what should be and what should not be. But the elder only looked long and intently at him, as one might at a work of fine art; or at some creature rare and admirable. In doing so the Old Boy probably had the knack of reading more or less of a person's character, and his unseen accompaniments from the remote past; and also of sensing the turns liable to be taken

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therefrom into the far future. It is a knack some have. If so, then the Old Boy would have perceived that this young Sage, after a long life of wandering and hard striving merely to live, and of little appreciation from those in the seats of the mighty, too selfish or too dull to know him for what he was, would die disconsolate; and with the feeling of having failed in a high mission. But also he might have perceived that the teachings of this young Sage would later appeal to masses and classes alike; and in a reputable and established way that his own never could. He might have perceived that down the ages for good and for evil, in form if not in spirit, they would be clung to tenaciously by millions following millions; inculcating the unchangeable wisdom of the fathers.

Then the Old Boy, having provided suitably for the comfort of his visitors, retired to a room for private meditation. Those were ample days when none needed ordinarily to be in any great hurry about formulating, or coming to conclusions. Life then, for the most part, could be played like a quiet game

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of golf rather than a strenuous game of football. But after a day or so the young Sage found opportunity politely to open his mind to his host, and to question him. Then from lips of mystery there came to that young Sage a talk of things queer and near in an unbelievable reality. Talk there was of a simplicity in things which laughed at the elaborations of the conventional and the assured ; a simplicity which, if generally accepted as feasible, would leave small place for the line of sages and prophets and saviours that come from time to time to save us ; still less for any complication of hierarchies to keep the show going, and direct the masses how to toe the mark. Other talk there was which to the young Sage seemed utterly unrelated to the formal administration and conduct of this life ; which was the only life with which he would concern himself in an advisory capacity. The young Sage found difficulty in following the drift of the Ancient One. He did not know just what direction he was taking, nor with what concrete intention ; nor yet how or why he doubled on his track elusively and swiftly like a dragon in

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the sky; so that one could not tell clearly which was head of him and which was tail.

Then boldly the young Sage questioned regarding downright important things: the rights and duties of those in authority, according to their respective rank and power; the rules of etiquette and proper costume; the regulation of females; and the ever-acceptable doctrines of the inspired prophets and teachers of old.

It is said that the Old Boy was used to setting a good table on occasion for his friends. But for all that he did not shine in the gay world of his day; nor likely did he disport himself much in the twinkling salons of night with brodered silks and singing-girls and the latest thing in swords. Neither was he accepted as quite proper in ostentatious official and scholarly circles. Besides that he was too much of a futurist to bind himself tightly in the present by what people did in the past. All that was worth being concerned about in the past he fancied would come up some time again of itself. His attention was more largely given to the uncommon and obscure of all the

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common and obvious things around him ; and of what might come alive of their concealments and involvements hereafter. But the young Sage was so enamoured of the past, in which for him was throned and enshrined all nobility, and from which all evil had withered and fallen away, and from which such culture and enlightenment as may be available for us is but dimly projected into the dislocating downgrade of the present, that there was little common ground for sympathy and understanding between him and his host.

The Ancient One was no praeteritan to the overlaying of the present, and the discounting of the future. He was indeed all present as he could be in the present. And when not entire of the present he looked to the future rather than the past. But beyond all that he was intent on conquering all dimensions of time equally. As a futurist he was looking far in and far out and far away from mere moral or intellectual expansions and achievements. He was looking to the way of attaining a new form of consciousness in the spotlight of his instant consciousness ; presently impossible of

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academic discussion, but already touched intermittently through the ranges of higher feeling.

In the dream of existence the Ancient One was dreaming with dreamers; but ever he was on the verge of waking. So it was that rather brusquely at last, like a crotchety professor wearied by a persistently questioning sophomore in the wrong class-room, the Old Boy said to the young Sage, who was pressing, as he knew, for position as political adviser to the Prince of the State; a post for which he afterwards proved himself to be supremely well qualified:

“Young sir, the men of whom you speak, they are gone. Their very bones have mouldered away. That which was unembodied of them before they came; that alone retains what was awake of them here. Go now; and go well about your own affairs! What is right for you of the past will come to you. But look you: a gentleman bides his time. When it is time for him to rise he will rise. But when it is not time he will not force his services upon others. He will prefer rather to float like thistledown upon the wind;

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which even thus goes well about its proper business. And the wise merchant: in our land of bandits and thieves he does not now advertise the value of his wares. He hides his most precious goods from the confiscators; putting up a poor front. Even so should be one who would lead in the great way.

“ Drop your too precise manners, sir; your excess of formal politeness! Such will only stir the inferior to ridicule; or else to insincere affectation of what they do not feel. And drop your uplifting plans for the state! Of what use can they be when original virtue is withering in the hearts of the people? What the common people need now and always is the will to go right ahead right. This they need, rather than that they should be directed by your multitudinous laws and rules of propriety. This they need, rather than that they should all be outwardly compressed and patterned to your standards of good form. Let original virtue have free play; and then all will go right ahead of itself! Quit reforming people! And this, sir, is all that I would say to you now! ”

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The young Sage, to his great credit, took all this in good part; and, after making ceremonious withdrawal from the venerable presence, he said in whimsical humour to his disciples :

“ I know that birds can fly. I know that fishes can swim. I know that wild animals can run. We can bring down the birds with arrows. We can make nets to catch the fish. We can make traps to catch the wild animals. But I know not the ways of a dragon ; nor how to snare him. I do not know how it is he bestrides the wind, and skims in his beneficent flight through the clouds ; making so light over us below, and rejoicing the populous rain. I cannot hold him down for my understanding. To-day I talked with the Old Boy. Maybe he is a dragon ! ”

Notwithstanding the unassertion of the Ancient One, and his retiring disposition, the rumour and the promise of his teaching went abroad. But the intimacies of his life, and records of times when he was elated and times when he was downhearted, and of revelations and discoveries, and of his secret ways and

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processes, and the full story of how he drooped finally in the heartless routine of his position : of such we know very little.

Now a man who is a prospector for gold may live by his lone in the wild through long years. And if at length he discover a rich new gold-field to other gold-seekers, then all such stampede into the new territory ; and take what they can of it. They usually are in such a rush, the most of them, that they will not halt even to buy a drink for an old-timer who blazed the trail they intend to take. Thus he may be neglected, and left to pass away, with little more known of him than what the coroner may know.

The wisdom, and more particularly the reputed powers and secrets of the Ancient One, with his hint of a secret of secrets ; and the trail he opened toward all that : such were the only things of interest about him for those who sought what they thought he had attained. They were so keen for his celestial gold, and the way to more of it, that they gave scant attention to current gossip about his private affairs, and the personal details of his life ;

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details so minutely and often uselessly recorded in the lives of lesser men. But on faint paintings fading from paper brittle with age, and on panels of embroidered silk made by high ladies in the palaces long ago, things rare now in the genuine as the disrupting years go by, one who is guided may find fair reference to a few quaint and intimate incidents in the life of the Ancient One; and of the secluded men and women who were his knowing followers in after days. These few fragments of stories are threaded along through dainty needle-work domains, with light things like butterflies and the loose, pink-and-white drift of peach and almond blossoms across green grass to the blue sky of spring-time. In the evening, when he came home tired from the day's work, the Old Boy used to play on some sort of a dulcimer; much to the delight of his mother.

Down the years that followed his disappearance a few found the clue to cunning secrets, and the paths to strange realms, through what they had of the Ancient One. And only in lesser part did that come of his sayings. It was the Ancient One himself who said: "The

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Sage who knows may convey the way of the secret of secrets to another in his silence." But that concerns the beyond of any existence. For the encouragement of those who prefer to attain to high powers available for their own use in this world, and the supernal and infernal worlds, he said: "Those who will go right ahead right may come to secrets of concealment. One who comes to be a master in concealment needs no lock; for you cannot open what he has closed. You cannot untie what he binds; and he uses no ropes. He can conceal in a direction to which you cannot point. But all that is but as the play of street jugglers to one who seeks the secret of secrets."

Those who in his day were drawn in his way lived in the same air wherein he lived. They knew the lay of his land. They were like-minded with him. They felt to the power that he had attained. In peace and quietude they followed his lead for their own relief and release. Some of them reached to that which no writing can express. But they kept silent in their attainment; and long ago they passed from the cling of this world as we know it.

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Exploiters and parasites, ever ready to intrude and breed for debasement where high purpose or noble treasure has drawn their betters, but who would set no value on coming to the verge of the secret of secrets, nor even to the close approaching paradises around it, yet managed to gather enough loose threads of the teaching to clothe their charlatanry, and make a show for the ignorant by whom they are sustained. Such became in part priests of low magic; catering for actual demons and ghouls who draw human vitality when the right arrangements and contacts are made for the purpose. Others merely pretended to do so with ritual; and made a beggarly living by it. But sometimes, in their own ignorance, they went the way of pretence and came up against reality, to their own ghastly hurt; somewhat as ignorant pretenders meddling in a laboratory with wires and chemicals might come to fiery explosions or fumes or corrosions from handling and mixing unusual materials; or from attempting to play as only experts safely may with subtle rays and gravities.

Nevertheless, a few priests in the nominal

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church of the Ancient One, which church was only founded as we know it long after his death, seem to have remained pure in heart, however unskilled in the policies of the world. These sought in the temples to relieve the inevitable woes of living and dying; and obtain pleasant assurances of the future. But many of them fell to dependence on amulets and relics, without knowing how to avail themselves of what little real virtue a few of these may have. Others traded in charms against demons, as in earlier and later religions. Some even claimed power to relieve from suffering in conditions after death; taking money for it. But they never made any fetich of blood; nor did they proclaim that man was doomed to hell already before he was born because of what he himself had not done, and could only be saved from hell by reason of what he himself did not do. They still seem incapable of appreciating the divine justice of such a scheme.

There are tales of a few pleasant and innocent hermits, men and women and even young children, who were fairy-led beyond all cities. They went away to be living on the mountains

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in grottoes, or abandoned temples of days gone by; or they would be finding forgotten forests of refuge where are good fruits and no evil beasts, or men more evil. Some of these delighted themselves with alchemic tricks, never heard of perhaps by the Old Boy himself. He indeed might have looked askance at any diversion from the quest of the clear. Loitering for the fun of it might have had no attraction for him; nor yet exploring by-ways, or scampering with playful foxes over the hills of enchantment. Like most other awakeners of their kind he was too much in earnest over one thing to be trifling every here and there with jewels and bird songs. He seemed to be so keen for the open and clear away from all this that he would not risk delay in the dalliance and entanglements of any low-down romance with our sort; nor with any magic doing among the gnomes. Still, that is a matter of taste I would say; and in affairs high and low and decently between let each to his own as he will, and take the consequences.

The Ancient One lived in days of great upset among the people; and the influences

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moved for evil. Toward the end of his life he felt aggrieved, and decided to go West. As age deepened over him there was the great sorrow in his heart for his people; for the continual threat and inthrust of barbarians; for the increase of insolence in the stead of quiet courage and loyalty among the masses; for the increase of smart foolishness among students, and unavailing hypocrisies among the genteel. He lamented the lapse of original virtue. He foresaw the descent of three thousand years.

The Old Boy was over eighty years of age when he set out on his one recorded journey. He rode on a water-buffalo, if the artists of tradition picture truly. It would have been slow travelling; slow as by the ox-teams and covered wagons in the caravans of the pioneers, our fathers, who went West. But it did not matter much in the wide and easy days of old.

At length the Old Boy came to the Western Gate, beyond which lay the deserts. At the frontier town he gave the buffalo to a good widow who had provided him with breakfast on the morning of his arrival. He did that

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for her ; but he did it also in remembrance of his mother, who had long since ascended on high.

Now the Keeper of the Western Gate was a scholar as well as a soldier. He had heard of the Venerable Philosopher ; and he had great respect for him, because he also was concerned in his heart for the Heavenly Way. So he sought him out, and found him ; saying, perhaps only out of politeness, but perhaps truly, that in the sky of his dreams he had read a sign of the coming of the Ancient One. He begged of him to honour his home, and to stay with him as long as he would. He asked him also to write down some of his teachings for the guidance of himself and his friends, and those who were to come after. Thus it came about that the Ancient One lived as a guest for a season with the Keeper of the Western Gate ; one of whose secretaries was deputed to attend to all his wants. And in that time he wrote a book at his ease ; telling somewhat of his moral and political and practical and spiritual and arcane doctrines ; gold-dusting them here and there with hints

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of the secret of secrets, and the glory of the open.

The Ancient One was not, as some represent, merely a mystic unconcerned with the political and practical affairs of this world. He was a very practical man himself; and he enunciated a clear-cut political policy, with an ideal of the utmost individual liberty allowable where there must be some framework of restriction for the safe relation of those related in a community. He repudiated utterly the theory and practice of moral improvement by legislation. Had he been emperor he might well have decreed the axe for all meddlers in the name of righteousness. Learning to be free, and learning how to retain and restrain one's own freedom, and meanwhile to respect like freedom for others, un compelling and un compelled: the Old Boy taught that thus and thus only might all creatures from the greatest to the least find their best way of living in this world or any world where in some fashion one must kill to live; and thereby therefrom, without need of sacrifice of others or self-immolation, go right ahead right into the clear whence they came.

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The Ancient One in a sense was not of his own people. No great teacher ever is. They all remain loose and free of the clutch of any group spirit or swarmishness; whether such come to exist from racial or patriotic or religious or whatnot conglomeration of living units.

The Ancient One made his testament concerning the Heavenly Way. It was in form of a book without words. I mean it was not made with letters to be sounded for precise words, meaning precisely whatever those words mean and naught else. But some of his conceits were characterized more voluminously, and with higher reach and fineness for those qualified to understand, than can be conveyed by any sound of words.

Mathematicians who are ignorant of each other's language may yet receive the same precise information, and demonstrations of truth, from algebraic symbols properly arranged, however different may be the sounds they make in telling of them. And even ignorant poets, ignorant of each other's language, may experience the same unprecise emotion of beauty

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from a proper synthesis of colour or sound or fragrance or form. So with the ideographs at the time they were used by the Ancient One. They had no direct connection with sound. They were not, of course, as precise and fixed as algebraic symbols; nor yet were they as truant and vague as the alphabet of beauty. But of them were the makings of things with wings; bearing a few into the blue. They could be taken apart, as we take apart the conjoint syllables of some derived words in order to reach original meanings; or find out how came a fusion of such to induce a new idea entirely. But the significance of many of the conventionalized symbols and fragments of crude pictures has much altered with time. Many of the characters have gone awry; much of what was alive in them is there no more. The cage that held the bright idea is broken; the bars are turned to another use. By scholars too reverent of established usage, or lacking initiative to devise an honest alphabet for recording the sound of words, sounds were obtained by false pretence from soundless characters. Suppose

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now your friend Lord Moreless were to suffer an alphabetic aphasia so that he forgot how to write his name. Being called upon to register he might brightly remember that his name signified more or less plus and minus. If then he still retained command of algebraic symbols he might register simply as $+ -$. Then you come along, and seeing what is written on the register you infer that the plus minus was intended for more less; and therefrom conclude that your noble friend has arrived.

This may have been the way in which a cumbersome but subtle fashion of writing was evolved; often omissive in part and often inclusive of what was not intended, but fascinating because of its artfulness, its intricate insinuation; and possibly its poetic reach in arrangement beyond literal meaning.

A scholar who understood told me that by untwisting the make-up of the two title characters of the book written by the Ancient One they might be rendered GOING HEAD UP INSPIRED as to the first; and as to the second STRAIGHT IN HEART. We may

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best put all that together in our own way as
GOING RIGHT AHEAD RIGHT.

But one word or phrase will not fit accurately for every application of the two title characters, whether taken singly or together. Their reach and application is wide. We may translate them into sound for ourselves variously as follows: Going on the Level; Going rightly Arranged; Vital Rhythm; Heavenly Method; Continuing Clean; Vim Direct; Pure Power; Goodwill. The two title characters indicate the fundamental themes of the book: vim and virtue. The first character, because of a feather in its cap, may be construed as *vim awake to its own intention*; that is to say in one word, *will*. The second character may cover everything we usually mean by *good*, or by *virtue*; from a savoury taste in the mouth to physical efficiency, or moral propriety, or good form, or the upholding of truth, or the sacrifice of oneself for a friend. In union the two characters may be best rendered by our single word *goodwill*. That word *goodwill* covers their most important intention as first written. But from another angle of use we

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may take of the first character an indication of the unqualified original energy by which all things go out from what they were to what they will be. And the second character may then be taken as repeating that this energy is of itself alone; that is to say, that it is *pure power*. And as wrapped in matter it is *point power*. The deadest thing may again become resilient for more than it was when filled with this power. In the least particle of matter there is involved an untellable concentration of it as point power; and from the least particle it may be released to vast use or abuse. True magicians have known this in the past; and scientists, as in the highest we call them now, will know more of it in the future, and of it do their magic.

The classic character for *scripture*, in the sense of scripture implying inspiration from above, was conferred upon the book by decree in later days; just as all scriptures of all religions received as sacred or inspired were first declared to be such by decree of devotees in authority long after the writing of them.

The book of the Ancient One was neglected,

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and even disparaged, by the learned of the established order among his own people. This no doubt was partly because it was too simply genuine so far as its moral teachings went; too deeply to the root of original religion in its longing; too content with plain decency without pretence. Most of us now, in so far as we take to formal religion at all, want it mixed with the misconceptions handed down from the fathers and received at our mothers' knees; plus a pinch of unreason; arbitrary and arrogant unreason, by which we may justify the unjustifiable things we do to others for ourselves. And in the particular case of the Ancient One there was a prejudice against him and his book because a too vigorous emperor, otherwise exemplary, who outwardly revered the Scripture of the Heavenly Way, but inwardly ignored its most proper precepts, laid his impious hands upon all the copies he could find of the books of an adverse cult, and burned them. These books had been accepted as authoritative by the Sage whom all the learned and official and fashionable folk afterwards came to esteem as the supreme teacher

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for civilized mankind. Hence arose a long-lasting bitterness toward even the name of the star-descended, plum-derived name of the big-eared Old Boy and his book; all because of the barbarous zeal of an emperor long after his time, who thought he was doing right by destroying literature which ran counter to his own conceptions of truth and propriety.

Notwithstanding the attitude of the learned and officially pious classes the Scripture of the Heavenly Way was widely copied and circulated; and some translations were made of it for the benefit of questers and the higher shamans among tributary nations and tribes beyond the proper bounds of the Established State. Also it was adopted as fundamental by a revived branch of the original religion; understanding the arcane drift of it in part, and its moral teaching entirely. But as time went on the lower clergy gave little practical heed to its high precepts; few of them sought the glorious secret of secrets of which it whispered. Then, after two thousand years and more, the remnant disarray of the book was variously translated by foreigners in power

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from overseas ; most of them propagandists, or at least devotees, of a foreign religion which, in one phase or another of its orthodoxy, systematically belittled the value of every other religion in general ; and all but one pronouncement of its own gospel in particular. Yet the more honest among the translators marvelled when they found some of the most esteemed, and formerly deemed original, teachings of their own master clearly set forth by one appearing long before his day. It was disturbing to some of them. It generally is in such cases to those who have received and accepted, and made it their life business to proclaim, the teachings of one and one only. Their spiritual capacity is then confused by the very idea of one equal to one ; and neither originating of the other.

Doubtless the translations made were intended to be as true as allowable in loyalty to the opposing religion of the translator. But for the most part it was seemingly felt expedient to reduce this new appearance of a cloud-piercing mountain to the proportions of a barren mound covering dead ideas for those

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who might view it from the green hill of sustainment far away. Financial supporters at home of endeavours made abroad for the extension of commercial, political or religious interests must be reassured from time to time by good reports.

The translators in most cases seem to have carefully avoided the apt and obvious terminology with which their own foreignly received scriptures had been translated for them. Things must not seem so much alike as to make the orthodox uneasy regarding their own distinction. Some at first, however, emphasized certain parts of the book, where it seemed they might contend that the Old Boy indubitably derived his high doctrines from the dome of their own religion. But in the affair of the Trinity I think they fell down. For, although deep in the triune projection of all things, yet after one touch which is usually accepted as teaching the dogma of the Holy Trinity by those who hold that dogma as essential, the Ancient One brought the concept down to the trivial, and worked it up again from that to the universal. He

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realized very well that everything existing must exist apart from somewhat else. This twoness of things is the deuce of existence. He surmised vaguely that the cause of existence is never existent; and that from none came two; positive one and passive one simultaneously; each the complement and reflex of the other; and each in double continuing capable of acting equally in the reverse. But along of two instantly always comes the third quid. Everything of which we may be aware in existence must be the emergent tip of precedent active and negative duality completing the trinity. There is an eternal triangle for you.

The Ancient One was not, as some would have us think, given to playing the mountebank with paradoxes. He had no profitable audience to enlarge by any cheap cleverness in stating the same thing in opposite ways so as to mean neither. But owing to the exigencies of his language, and the mode of writing in his day, he was often compelled to conjoin opposites in an attempt to give body to a new idea from the union of them; striving to express that

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for which he had no expression to hand. You see, it requires an expert diviner properly to discard from intelligible contradictions, and relate what is left into a singleness of meaning not found in the original collocation; an expert diviner, indeed, to take the implications of the elementary parts of fused characters, and pass through the cracks and air-holes of them into an entirely new range of thought. Except among an obscure few the free art of that has long been lost among the rigid people of the Ancient One. By way of example in the trivial: one who can truly read a teacup does not look on its remnant leaves as letters of an alphabet indicating words. But I know for a fact that a rare one here and there on occasion of pondering over them may come of such pleasant sorcery to veritable second-sight. So now, in setting forth the teaching of the Old Boy, an unlettered person perhaps may rise to some truth over the ancient misconceptions of conventional scholars; especially those of adverse cultures.

Having been for so long little esteemed by the orthodox among his own people it is not

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surprising that the Old Boy should be more or less innocently belittled by foreigners having a mission to shape whatever they can of any sort to the special service and glory of God as proclaimed by them. They might think to use this or that fragment of the now fragmentary book as a flying buttress for their own supreme cathedral; highly ornamental, and somewhat upholding and balancing, but not actually necessary to the perfect structure they already have. Some would use the Old Boy as a most unusual gargoyle to place among others guarding their belfry-tower. But his face must not show among the true saints within the temple.

Well, these translators are great scholars. And I think they stand in with the family. But maybe they do not always distinguish cousins rightly. Maybe in the way of translation they turn melons into cucumbers; they make spring onions of the lilies. Maybe all they can do is to poorly rearticulate the grisly and incomplete fossil skeleton of a once cloud-cleaving creature. Where now in the gaunt thing is the pure blue of beauty; leading

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beyond all our good and evil to the alluring secret of secrets and promise of the clear?

The Old Boy was no morose recluse; no dour promulgator of the hopeless chemical. As he cleared and lessened of himself, whether perfected through suffering or not, he came into the open of all. His way was a way of joy; simple and without fear of any malice or jealousy higher up. Even as we have what is left of his book now, with the few traditional teachings which came down with it, there remains this wonder: briefly but sufficiently it points to the wisest political principles, and the noblest moral ideals, ever given to man of which we have any record. Not but that a few of them are impractical, except in a world where the will of Heaven prevails; some world quite otherwise conditioned and inhabited than this one as we know it. Of that more may be said hereafter.

In the Scripture of the Heavenly Way there is no dwelling on hell; nor talk of beings more evil than ourselves. The Old Boy may have considered all such as largely allied to our own order, both in condition and character; albeit

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existing unpleasingly deeper. He was more concerned to tell of the Heavenly Way than he was to discourse on devildom. Heaven is not referred to as any special locality; and seldom even as any superintending Providence. He refers to Heaven as in the primal longing of all creatures, as in the concept of original religion before any religion was formulated: that is, a state to be attained in the way of return, with somewhat involved that is yet personal of every person; brooding over all through their eachness. Some slight mention there is of God as the Lord Above; the Arch Father of All; the Great Carpenter. But God is always contemplated as the Chief Actor in a drama conditioned by the pure power which comes of the unconditioned; the clear, potential matrix unexistent, from which comes all that may exist; the eternal, maternal negative. And thus the pure power, and the unqualified source of the pure power, are alike spoken of as anterior to God. The pure power is personified as the One in Blue, the Mother in Blue; through which all things stand out of their own motion; and through which all may

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return to the clear. Thus also, in the teaching of the Scripture of the Heavenly Way, neither God nor Satan nor any transcendent being, named or nameless, is exhibited as guilty of creating this world, or of laying the foundations or creating the life-destroying-life-to-live conditions with which every animal is faced if it would exist in this world.

In the teaching of the Scripture of the Heavenly Way the creatures come forth self-created of their own root desire. This unique point of origin, or soul as we call it, antecedent of each apparent creature, creates the creature of its own energy through the pure power when and wherever right materials are assembled in right relation to attract it; and make possible a shape or an effect separate from its unspread nothingness. When not animating shapes, or producing effects, then such point of origin is in the clear beyond apartness; and ever it is there essentially, even while existing. Think of it as being like a potential point of space when not located. We are in the making, and we remain out of the making; and we are the makings of ourselves. We all come out,

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and we all go in; and whether we are in or out, that is the point.

Go right ahead right. The way of the Heavenly Way is best found through the heart. If with head only the Book of the Old Boy be studied now, all tattered and torn in the downcome of the ages, then one may find the archaic implications, and the obscure references, and the irrelevant assertions from irrelevant premises, and the disarray of its most precious aphorisms amidst rubbish: he may find all that such as to bother his scholarship. Having none I was not bothered. The teachings were not given me in that fashion. I went fishing in deep waters with a bent pin. But look what I got!

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I

AMONG things indifferent, and things of small moment to us, we may move largely at our ease. This promotes the soul-releasing virtue of confident carelessness. But in great and slippery affairs caution is of the first excellence among the virtues. And in the slippery affair of religion caution is expedient in following even the greatest leader appealing to us. Because we cannot always step as the leader steps; nor see as he sees; nor think as he thinks; no, not even if he is holding our hand.

Elsewhere I have written as to the origin of religion. Here I would briefly repeat the gist of my argument.

So far as we go two things are ever imminent, and fathomless: the sky and death. We may measure the earth; and we may prevent birth. But the sky and death: how far into these may we have any mastery? Death we

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dodge to the last possible moment; all do except the duty-driven or the misery-crazed ones; or those of the happy few who retain the primal death-instinct, to their great comfort when the time comes for going. Death for the last of these is the dark but star-pierced way of release and rich promise. Yet, however we regard it, death is certainly coming to each and all of us. And certainly over and beyond us illimitably and for ever is the sky. None can tell how replete and near the sky may be with lives and revealings and turns and mysteries out of reach or receipt of such few senses as we have so far partially developed; let alone those which are yet to be developed.

But ever there is the third thing gleaming for our allurements; or else it will be throwing a high sadness over us in those rare moments when we feel free to forget the pressing needs of the body, and of the other bodies for which and with which we are concerned. This third thing is the longing for a fulfilment which we are quite unable to define. We do not relate to it from our stomach or our head; or from any physical of us. It flies above what we call

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our heart. If it be the discontent of the part because of not realizing itself as the whole at once and for always, yet it is not a selfish discontent ; it is not pinned in fancy to the point of itself.

We mouth the sounding meaningless of self-consciousness ; as if there could be consciousness other than the consciousness of a self. Yet we may make the combination mean something for our convenience when trying to distinguish ourselves from our feelings and our thoughts, and the interlocking of them one with another. So for our convenience let us use the term spiritual consciousness ; not thereby implying any manner of consciousness essentially different from other consciousness ; not different, I mean, as a brick is different from a conundrum or something like that ; but only different in the degree and slant and unfolding of it. The first flash of spiritual consciousness may give us a most unhappy feeling of severance from some great lost perfection of ourselves. In less degree it makes us queerly uneasy ; brooding over we know not what. The profound reality of our own severance from the

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Divine may be gloomed and veiled with notions of an angry or jealous God. Then the gap in our eternal relation, so that we no longer feel entire, may be expounded by theologians and moral philosophers as a sense of sin. But this feeling of severance, this sense of sundrance, comes not at first with any feeling of default, or of humiliation, or of remorse. It comes rather as comes the heart-clutching wildness of a child that finds itself all of a sudden alone and lost in a crowded and fearsome city; or in a vast and beast-haunted forest. But just as suddenly as the sense of sundrance overwhelms one, so just as suddenly it may be followed full up with a feeling of attainment in the desire of all desires. But the average one among us will have no long hold now on any form of spiritual consciousness; because of having a body to attend to, and often another body or two along of that.

Death unavoidable; sky illimitable and of potentially inexhaustible so far as ever we may know; longing inexplicable and of no final appeasement here: through these three we come to the domain of original religion. In

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this domain are found the three fundamental concepts on which the various formal religions are builded. The three concepts come one out of another ; and return one into another. The first is Heaven ; and the motherment and refuge it offers for all. The second is a universal active God ; manifesting in a rough providence for all, but seemingly forgetful or inapt in what relates specially to the individual item of existence, unless continually reminded or appealed to by such item. The third concept is that of the Gods, or superintending Archons or lesser Totems ; all distinct from each other as the stars are distinct in the sky from each other ; but all contained of God as the stars are contained of the sky.

Out of the three pure primal concepts of original religion there arise notions and practices which are subsequently formulated for distinct and mutually exclusive religions. Some of these notions and practices are socially helpful or attain to beauty ; others are hateful and ugly, contriving cruel or vile arrangements for those who lust to rule. Our innocent youth is early bedevilled with knowledge of sin and

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sacrifice and atonement; we solemnly smear with blood and anoint with oil and sprinkle with water; we are taught to look with reverence to serpents of wisdom and healing, or with fear to serpents of wrath and destruction. We hail teachers and magicians and conquerors as avatars of the Divine. We hold together against outsiders in communion dances or feasts or fasts. And now all of these notions and practices are older than ever we know. They come to concrete instance in forms apparently unconnected, and of no common outer origin; but strangely similar when set forth naked of the chance vestures of their time and place.

In the Scripture of the Heavenly Way it is said:

“There is that which is entire. Being absolutely entire it does not exist.”

This is plain enough; referring as it does to the necessary duality of all existence and every item of existence in contrast to the unsundered potential reality of non-existence. In the clear of non-existence is the eternal home. The original cause of religion is found in the

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want to go home. The first stir of any religion comes of spiritual home-sickness. In the urge of that we would be up and away. Wherever we are the home of our heart's desire is elsewhere. In the grip of this longing when it comes we are as uneasy as the wild bird that is caged when it knows the time has come to fly over hill and valley and sea to another land. Of the home lost in the open far away there wakens a memory of a memory; but no clear memory. There is premonition, but no certain foreseeing.

It is in the blue sky overhead that we have the best symbol and remembrancer of what we have lost; and we may even visualize it as being there. So the natural indication for that which is best of all comes to be that which is on high; that which is heaven above. The home thus heaved on high beyond all earthly things, and the hope and instinctive assurance of something in that home drawing us back to it like wanderers and exiles recalled in honour: this we join in one idea, one word, one symbol as Heaven. It is in this vague but authentic sense that Heaven is the first valid religious concept.

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From this original a more definite notion unfolds. We cry for the personal touch. We want the feel of one in somewhat like ourselves, however exalted above us, who shall be the centre of knowledge and power and providence in this Heaven. Then Heaven may come through to us as one Supreme Being over all ; one on a grand scale over us as the sky is high over the earth ; but nevertheless akin to us in passion and power of understanding.

Long before men were human the sun had become the natural symbol and physical manifestation of this All-Highest One ; recognized subconsciously by various creatures having at any time a glimmer of spiritual longing flicker through them. High or low in the standing of the creatures the existence of God is the second great religious concept.

But among men, as the complications of life increased and intellect developed and more things were concretely desired or feared ; and as rank and precedence and multiple binding customs arose and laws were promulgated ; and as various festivals and observances were fixed by the rounds of the sun and the moon ; then it

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became easier for many to deal with many rather than one. It became easier and of more logical seeming to appeal under the Supreme to the Archons, the Gods and Archangels who were responsible for great divisions and activities of existence and the orders of life. It was natural then to be bashful before the Supreme, as before one too great to be approached directly. Something in the way of a go-between or mediator was thought necessary. This may be the logical result of exaggerating God ; and forgetting the minutely relating and intimate littleness of him. In our demand for his attention and support nothing can be too trifling. Nevertheless it may be quite in order for us to appeal in goodwill to lesser Angels and Saints and local Gods and Totems in so far as we may be able to connect with them for aid in familiar affairs ; just as we would to a policeman or banker or wise woman ; and whether it be for the loan we want, or the bracelet we have lost, or the cow that has gone astray, or the love of which we dream. If we have any business with things supernal, that seems the practical way to begin and go about it ; so long as we feel that we can

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only approach God through grace of another, and not of ourselves from within.

So the Gods, the Archons, the Archangels, or by whatever other name you think best to call the Ministers of the Supreme, and below them various good and evil spirits liable from the unseen to be actively interested for or against our welfare; even down to the wee maliks of the air, and the whimsical goblins of nooks and corners: these in their plurality constitute the third great religious concept.

Beyond that there seems no expansion except the endless megalomania of man. We squat on the tiger's skin which serves as a good hearth-rug before our safe fireside in the midst of the great city; and we may laugh and make good jokes about tigers that people fancy are alive in jungles. Man may glory in finding himself the supreme intellect; the one lone and tragic light in an otherwise intellectual desert; a world all dead except for the bestial or insectual or still lower orders of life which, however countless of instance, yet make scarce any showing against the illimitable outspread of unconscious matter and force working in their

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everlasting methods under no conscious direction. And so we come to substitution.

There is a mental attitude much applauded in these days which we might as well call substitution. It is in fixity opposite to the running uncertainty concerning the unseen, and what may come of it, which we have long known as superstition. The superstitious are given to unreasoning and often unreasonable fear or hope of the unknown. Superstition makes us afraid of ghosts. But when less than that then superstition is nothing to worry about ; it does little harm. Whether I am shy of passing under a ladder aslant against a wall, or am elated at seeing the new moon for the first time over my right shoulder and at having a few coins in my pocket to jingle at it by way of salutation, is as minor a matter as my delight in a saxophone, or the special appeal that is made to me in an amatory way by a girl with a cast in her eye or a freckled nose.

Substitution stands up bravely in the daylight. Substitution is cocksure confidence in the logical ; as if life were a quite reasonable affair, and the universe were something built with the in-

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exorable exactitude of a machine; as if the apparently unvarying modes of coming and going and abiding which we call laws of nature held good in the same value for each, from every loka of relation and angle of observation; if indeed any angle be possible other than the one we know. The good meat which the superstitious dog feels by his nose afar is denied by his substitious blind master except it be proved by taste in his own mouth.

Substition walks; and denies wings. It makes us utterly homocentric in our any estimate of anything. It makes us obdurate in the queer conceit of there being no creatures, and no ranges and spans of existence, imperceptible to human senses, or to human senses if they were sufficiently intensified by scientific contrivances. It makes us quite sure that we are the topside rational aspect of the all mechanic and chemic and electric and everlastingly radiating agglomeration tabulated by scientists as the cosmos. Substition is good for those who otherwise would be afraid of ghosts.

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II

At a time more remote from the advent of the Ancient One than his time now is from us, the peculiar people among whom he was born had the second fundamental religious concept clearly in mind. So far as historical record goes it may be that these same people were the first to address Heaven as Heavenly Father. It was thought proper to make such address through their political father, the Emperor. Other races in that day referred to the Supreme as the Lord Above; the Lord on High; the Father of Gods and Men. Doubtless many another race in times forgotten had ventured to make a Father of all fathers of men and beasts out of their original concept of Heaven; but there seems to be no mention of it in any history older than the recorded history of the people of the Ancient One. It may be taken as evidence of the high standing of the male parent in those days as compared with the female. But the Old Boy in his contrary way usually refers to the Supreme as the Mother of All; the Pure Mother in Blue. He does it in a

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confident and frequently almost loving fashion. But only once, I think, in the Scripture of the Heavenly Way does he indicate the Supreme Power as Arch Father of All; although once he refers to its influence as the Father of Inspired Writings. In doing so he is in no more warmth about it than about a mathematical formula. This maybe is what comes of having no father.

Lucky are they who can feel their way to happy filial relation with the Eternal. But if we homocentric persons have comfort in personifying it as in some manner parental, then it may seem more natural to some to refer to it as mother rather than as father. Because, you see, we can quite easily think of a virgin mother. And as a matter of fact we know that there were mothers in this world long before the male had made any appearance for himself; before he had arrived at the dignity of being even a parasite in the body of the female. On the other hand, certain finical persons may have difficulty in imagining a father without a partner in generation. But passing all that as only a figure of speech one way or the other to suit

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our convenience as the occasion arises to indicate something which we may feel to be very real; and looking to the prevailing custom in the day of the Old Boy; we find that the Emperor always addressed the Lord Above on behalf of the people as Heavenly Father; but not thereby implying that he was in any fashion addressing the Lord Above as his own particular, personal progenitor. When on the Altar of Heaven, open to the sky, the Emperor addressed the Supreme Power as Heavenly Father he looked up as to a responsive and responsible conscious Providence concerned with all creatures.

Once the Ancient One quoted approvingly from scriptures which were ancient in his own day certain passages with reference to a sin-bearer, or as we would say scapegoat or substitute for the people. In referring to the sin-bearer, or person to be made the goat for the fault of others, he assumed that such would be a male; saying: "He who can and will bear the sins of the people is fit to be the Priest of the people; He who can and will suffer in his own person the punishment due for the faults of the people is fit to be their Emperor."

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The vision of One in Blue remained long in the mass super-consciousness of the people of the Ancient One. They indeed had a notion that they were specially favoured of God beyond other races of men. Persons of other lands and origin were barbarians and foreign devils; or, as we say in our more kindly way, they were rank outsiders and outlandish heathen, and could never belong. It became apparent to these peculiar people that God specially blessed their righteous rulers; and inspired the scriptures given out to them by their sages. It was believed that the favour of God would be withdrawn from an unworthy ruler; and that if he persisted in evil, then the people would be led of God to rebel, and would be guided in finding the right man to found a new dynasty. On altars open to the sky at sun-fixed and moon-fixed times and seasons a pure offering of the fruits of the ground would be presented by the Emperor to the Lord Above; and a general confession would be made of his own great faults, and the faults of the people of whom he was the unworthy representative. An account would be given also of how affairs were going, and a request would be made for guidance

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during the coming season. The blood-offerings of more savage times were abandoned as fit only for barbarians engaging in demon worship.

But the happy centuries of the established state slowly lost the original grace with which they began. The rulers fell into self-assertion, and lusted to rule rather than let things arrange of themselves in original virtue. Goodwill which does not know itself as virtue faded from the hearts of the people as sunlight does from an overclouded sky.

Then at the immemorial winter and spring and autumn festivals, which are still observed by nearly all cultured races under various names fitted for exemplification of whatever their formalized orthodoxy, secular, social or spiritual, may be, there was resumption of the sacrifice of animals without fault or blemish. On rare occasions there may even have been human sacrifice, or at least the semblance of it; for these people were practical and accomplished pretenders. A good thing they were so in regard to certain observances which are the outcome always of oppressive religion. It is

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better to burn gilt paper ceremonially with a pretence that it is money of value than it is to cast gold into the sea. It is better to pour wine over the image of a sage, and then drink it as his blood in a mystery by which one may participate in the pure life principle exemplified by him, than it is to sprinkle his image with the fresh blood of a victim slaughtered ceremonially by way of showing devotion and satisfying an unseen presence with such blood. Also it is better, far better and brighter and funnier, to burn straw dogs in the belief that one may thereby fool devils than it is to cut the throat of one good live dog to the glory of God.

In the foul business of blood atonement the immanent pure all-round nearness of the One in Blue was lost to the people. Gradually after that Heaven as a personal being, or state of being richer than personal, became only a conventional word ; signifying nothing but the empty sky. But through that sky coursed many good and evil spirits whose aid might be invoked, or whose malice might be averted, by the magic of blood ceremonially spilled. I wonder now by what necromancy an intoxicant

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from blood so spilled is absorbed by creatures of the unseen around us, creatures who have an interest in us perhaps just as we have in the creatures we hunt, or the swine we fatten for our dinner? It would seem that a mere drop of blood so shed with calculated ceremonies may serve as a great and stimulating drink to assuage the dismal desires and passions of ghouls and demons of the more degraded order. At the conclusion of the service the officiating celebrant is authorized to declare to the worshippers that the spirits are now gone full up and down; or, as we would say, are dead drunk. The pleasant sequence of this unpleasant service is that the worshippers themselves are free then to fall to and feast and rejoice with the approval of the powers unseen.

From this degeneracy religion was gradually uplifted once more; and a clean altar was restored for family as well as temple service. Then only pure grains and wines and flowers and fruits were presented by way of gesture and symbol and token before Heaven; and under Heaven after that by way of remembrance to deceased ancestors and friends. The

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goodwill of it, and the virtue of the clean things unslain, then went through ; carrying appreciable comfort to those beyond, and weaving into gifts of fine substance for them high or low, according to their estate in the other world. At the same time compliments were conveyed to those gracious spirits whose aid in small matters of immediate concern was acknowledged or invoked. Blood sacrifice was then made only on great state occasions by the Emperor ; and the death of the victim was accomplished with less cruelty than is now inflicted upon a domestic fox for a pelt to enhance the cost of dust-accumulating display on a woman's dress.

Through these ages certain scriptures and poems were accepted by the people as directly inspired by Heaven. At their best these scriptures have summits and peaks reaching from barren flats as high into the blue as any other which are based on belief in one supreme personal God specially concerned with men. They are as noble in doctrine ; and they serve spiritual needs in some measure. At their worst they are not stained with cruel or sexually degenerate elements. They tell no stories in

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absurd contradiction of the essential nature and relation of things in the world as we know it. It became the established custom to quote from recorded sayings of the sages and lesser prophets and philosophers of old; and to apply passages in settling disputes, or for consolation in sorrow or disaster, or as a reminder and check against ostentation in times of prosperity. These scriptures are too voluminous to give even a thumb-nail sketch of them here. But one of the shorter odes, or psalms as they had best be called, addressed by members of a clan to their founder and patron saint, may be given as showing the mood of charity and confident approach in which they were conceived :

THE PRAYER FOR BLESSING

O Blessed One,
Establish our people !
Having risen to the abode of the Lord Above,
Remember us !
Provide for us daily our wheat and our
barley !
And in providing for us regard not boundaries !

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Regard not the mean divisions of men, O
Blessed One !

But through all provinces and states of the
land

Let the beneficent presence of Heaven be
shown !

The presence will be shown by abundance of
blessings.

III

Tranquil ages passed. Slowly again the times grew thick and gross with evil. Then the star-enamoured maiden conceived ; and the Old Boy was born. It is a question how far he was normally confined and confirmed by the faith handed down from of old. He said he had not come to preach any new doctrine. But they all say that ; or nearly all of them, the great teachers. To put out a new God, or God anew : either way as a rule that will enrage the masses and the gentry of the establishment. Great teachers provide new concepts for men, however they may talk about not preaching any new doctrine, or any doctrine at all. Any religion, whether spiritual or secular,

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to be useful must give assurances of some changeless system or method. Instinctively we demand fixity in all our higher relations. It is distressing to readjust ourselves in such matters ; and in spite of what the great teachers may say it does seem to many of us among the lower orders as if a new spirit comes into the world through or after each of them. All the more need then for caution in accepting what they are said to have when it jars our instinctive or intuitive feeling of what is fit or proper or true. Criticism of their teachings not given with the respect due to their standing as acquired in the hearts of millions may well be considered unworthy of notice. But for all that the greater the subject the greater the call to be frank. As I intend to be sincere even when not serious, and fair even when I do not care, I would ask the fair-minded reader to make allowance for any ignorance or uncouthness shown by me in attempting to reach to the heart of the teachings.

If we are to rely entirely on the principles and ideals apparently proclaimed by the Ancient One, then we must assume as a social and

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political foundation that there is a general right intention in the mass mentality of the common people. We must assume also that all persons of common-sense prefer order and good business to any game of politics ; and that they would rather live in a community well governed than come to grief in a pretence of governing it themselves. Also we must be substitious enough to assume the steadfast continuance of what we call Laws of Nature, all working in harmony as one law ; a universal mode never varying by which the seeming inanimate moves and combines and untwists from combination to combination in an everlasting process that never arrives ; and which purely of itself without any conscious intention tends to mend and restore all broken or deranged organic things to good purpose as they were before they went wrong in their function ; or else to disjoint and dissolve and remould them to new purpose. About these assumptions one may argue indefinitely. But there does indeed seem to be a general right intention usually prevailing in the mass mind of nearly all living creatures toward creatures of their own kind when in their proper

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environment; probably because in the long run they come to believe it will assure the easiest way of living and continuing to live. And subconsciously the naturally-acting adult creatures recognize a rule of conduct which may be stated somewhat like this : *Do not attack or annoy others, unless you must in order to live ; and it will be the more likely that others will not attack or annoy you, unless they must in order to live.* It is a common rule of conduct instinctively adopted for general accommodation. As to the second assumption, there does seem to be an arranging tendency, a healing influence, striving always to maintain health in living bodies, or to make the best of things by mending what is hurt or diseased, or else to dissolve what is too much broken or diseased or exhausted, and devise something new. There may be different explanations of this arranging tendency. One may think of it as the work of a stream flowing through all where they give opening for it; something holding to no particular form, but actual as the wind. Another may perceive it as the pristine virtue in action from endless individual centres or points of origin. Another

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may discern one only creator and maintainer working apart to this purpose; and another may find many overseers and superintendents of the working. But all may agree that there is a continual process of replacement going on; and that such replacement is done with more or less fitness and cunning and apparent intention.

But in the body is the healing influence always strong enough, or could it be evoked with strength enough, to cure all bodily ailments, and restore us to health without medicine or massage or surgery? And in the body politic is the arranging tendency always strong enough, or with finer culture could it develop strength enough, always to be triumphant to such an extent that it would be inexpedient for us to resist individual aggression; or to take a militant stand for clean justice and right revenge and retribution out of hand and instant as possible to the aggressor; without waiting for the prolonged readjustment of such powers above or below as concern themselves with evil-doers among men? Can we for ourselves, or decently for our children or friends or relatives, accept a teaching of non-resistance to

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aggression as right and practical; trusting to the working of a power beyond ourselves to arrange and rearrange all as it should be? We cannot. And this more or less benevolent easy-going mass intention of the common people: is it strong enough always to guard us from the greed or perversity of dominant classes and rulers? It is not. Except in most elementary group conditions of life, the common good-enough intention of the average mass needs to be reinforced by special laws against evil-doers; executed sternly by certain ones appointed for the purpose.

The non-resister is the enemy of peace. He is the reverse of the peacemaker. The weaker and more unwilling and less spontaneous is resistance to wilful aggression the more of wilful aggression there will be. It will be made more attractive to the aggressor. The source of wilful aggression is inexhaustible. It does not die out because it is uncontested. It seems to grow with its seeming profit. Refusing to give blow for blow, with an additional blow for right measure; refusing to resist; letting fire and disease and all hellery run as they will in the

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belief that because God or Nature or other superintending agency is taking charge of all things, and therefore all things will come right, and must not be interfered with in their course : this meek fanaticism is worse for us than the most cowering superstition, or the most bumptious substitution, or the most soul-stultifying ignorance. It is a cowardly evasion of personal duty, which must eventually be paid for in person, and with interest compounded.

It is thought by some that the Ancient One taught the political policy of letting things arrange themselves ; and the moral policy of non-resistance, or at least of passive resistance only, to aggression. A pity some of the great teachers did not arrange for clearer transmission of exceptional teachings ; of teachings which may be of value if rightly understood for special and individual occasion ; but which are very apt to mislead the perverse-minded who are perverse enough to take the teachers literally at their word.

Undoubtedly the Ancient One enunciated a doctrine of returning good for evil ; thinking thereby to make the evil good. He appears as

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the first teacher on record to do that ; and he must take the responsibility for it. But I for one do not believe that he meant the general application of the doctrine to all the practical affairs of life. I think he indicated only a courteous over-measure of what is demanded on some special occasion. One being asked, for instance, for a drink, offers a meal or a cigar in addition ; or being asked by a naked man for a coat, generously supplements that garment with a pair of pants.

The doctrine of non-resistance has been handed down as from the Old Boy ; and misapplied often to the extreme of making the degenerate more degenerate. The most aggressive persons, and the most aggressive nations, and all criminals, approve this as a very good doctrine for others.

The political policy of the Ancient One, apparently based on the belief that there is an unfailing tendency in all things whereby the upset will settle again to normalcy ; this is not so difficult of acceptance. It is not so liable to be made a fool of by the cunning ; nor to be innocently misapplied for evil. It amounts

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practically to our accepted saying: Trust in God and all will be well. By and large that is the truest thing ever said in the way of policy. If you do, it works. But just the same it does not justify one sitting quietly on a log in the woods when a grizzly is after him.

I would say that the best way of expressing now the essential of the Old Boy's political policy is: *Let alone what lets alone*. Also his plan of overcoming active aggression by passive resistance: that may serve best in certain circumstances. Passive resistance may be the only way expedient or possible while awaiting the hour for nobler activity. But the deliberate and sometimes purposely provoking meekness of the non-resister leads only to further aggression. It confirms the bully in his violence.

There are other phases of the teachings of the Ancient One which must be cautiously received. We must learn to distinguish teachings which may apply to some celestial state which is not here and now on this earth as we know it, from teachings which are immediately and always practical; teachings which, if followed, work out most hopefully for the

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extrication of things from suffering. But think how untrue and cruelly misleading it would be for any devotee who acted literally on these reputed sayings of the Ancient One, so like in spirit to the reputed sayings of other great teachers who followed in after days :

“ He who abides in the will of Heaven is like a little child walking in innocence, whom serpents will not sting, nor tigers rend, nor ravaging eagles attack.”

The illustrations fail ; however true it may be that one who lives in the will of Heaven may have the pure power so strong in him that he may go unharmed where another would naturally be destroyed. Of course it is a sheer ignorance to think that the average person can see or hear or smell all the swift, far-reaching power, with its good or evil effectiveness, which may go out from an intense person ; or even from one who may seem insignificant. And it may well be that the virtue accumulating in a saint may put a restraint on evil beasts and worse men ; it may be that protecting angels around a child, unseen of our eyes, may sometimes overawe or divert the creatures that would attack

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the child. May be. But just the same the usual baby is usually good meat for all big snakes and tigers and ravening eagles; and against their designs it would be very foolish for even the saintliest mother to leave it merely to the protection of Heaven. All sane mothers, rightly anxious because of living near jungles, or in the perilous and criminal cities of men, know better than that, however they may have been taught to say otherwise.

But I do not believe that the Old Boy ever uttered such nonsense about the baby. It was a different affair in the later ages when saints shook venomous snakes from their bare hands unhurt, although in one case at least with no love; for the saint shook the snake into the fire. And we hear of saints who walked up to hungry lions; and they never so much as scratching them because of the look in their innocent eyes. But the ordinary man has no such chance. Things do not work that way for him.

It is recorded that the Ancient One said:

“The baby’s bones are weak; its sinews are soft; yet it shows a remarkable tendency

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and power to cling. All day long it will cry without its voice becoming hoarse. This is because of harmony, and the perfection of its physical processes."

Well, if he said something like that which has been wrongly transcribed, we may guess for ourselves what it was he really meant. But after all it would sometimes seem that the Old Boy, like other worthy celibates and virgins for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven, stood much in need of certain marital experiences with at least one wife. It might have brought home to him this and that of things as they are for us of the undivine average. Then the Old Boy might not have gone along thinking a baby in a cradle was some kind of a canary contented in its cage; happily giving voice to the harmony and perfection of Heaven when it was truly feeling quite contrary to all that; crying for a drink or a change.

Thus married, the Old Boy might indeed have eventually become more than ever enamoured of vacancy. But also he might not have talked so much with his head already in Heaven, where the will of Heaven is done, while his

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body remained on earth, subject to the conditions of earth ; preaching to us who are wholly submersed in the actualities of earth. That is how the trouble comes of these great teachers : they mix, or leave us to mix, their rules of conduct for this world with the high polity of some world beyond ; or else of some world to come wherein conditions may be fundamentally different. The result is that attempts literally to comply here and now with all the teachings as recorded may lead us not only into foolish situations, but may create or increase evil conditions for ourselves and all in whose welfare we should be specially concerned. Much common-sense is needed lest we wrongly apply what is said in the air of a higher life.

The Ancient One, the Sage, the Blessed One, the Prince of Peace, and the Prophet of God : yes, all five of these great religion founders outwardly seem to have contradicted their own teachings on occasion, either by word or by act. A good thing if they did. It may help to prevent us taking and making their teachings literally the prize for which we strive, instead of regarding them merely as reliable signposts

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to help along and guide us on our way home.

Knowing some of the things which even yet are done among men in the name of religion, I have wondered at times as to what punishment our captains of salvation may render themselves liable because of words uttered by them when it would appear they had too much wine of the other world in their hearts to make their talking quite plain and safe for us to hear. It is a risky business, this being a saviour by one's teaching; yet more so by one's example. Extreme counsels or generous conduct, right enough in unusual cases, may later in altered circumstance provide excuse for extravagance or oppression or actual mutilation; misleading dull-minded but devout disciples to their own hurt.

But if the Old Boy would seem to ask us to act now as if we were above human nature, and as if we were released all free and easy from the difficult conditions under which we must sustain ourselves and be sustained, yet in his teaching there is not one single excuse for any who would indulge in cruelty, or sacrifice

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another for the appeasement of Heaven. His teaching was given out in an air clean and golden with sunlight above malevolence, and all heavy enlargements of morality. He was more concerned for the regaining and realization of original virtue than he was for remembering sin, or making an arrangement in regard to it. Blood for God was not in his scheme.

From every compilation of sacred scriptures, treasured as inspired, selections might be made by the peevish; or by the fanatic or unfair partisans of one religion as against another; and reviled as *Scriptural Sayings that Are not So*. And as companion thereto those of easier outlook might compile other selections, and entitle them *Scriptural Sayings that Are only So So*.

Even to some of the most tried and proven and spiritually valid scriptural teachings a deadly twist may be given by those of malicious or flippant temperament. And of course the interpretation of sincere and serious folk may often be at fault.

The Ancient One said: "The saint shall fear no evil beast, nor shall he need armour among an armed host. He has no mortal part

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for which he is anxious. The more he does for the benefit of others, the more he does for himself in all of him that concerns himself. The loss of a body is no calamity to him."

Now this may be true enough if the saint have in view only the point of himself; the immortal centre from which he can give body to his own desire in any existence; and be utterly regardless of his present body in going about the business of the soul. No ethereal of him is hurt by the horn of the rhinoceros; nor by the claw of the tiger; nor by the dagger of the bandit. And it may even be that at times a subtle power goes out from the righteous which stands them in good stead against beasts and men who prowl and lay in wait for the innocent and unwary.

The Ancient One said: "Activity conquers the still cold; but stillness conquers the moving heat." It was perhaps in the summer-time he said that; for in his land in summer all the days come too hot. Yet for most of us now this is a cold world, one way or the other; and we must be up and doing to keep warm and have any comfort of it. Quite early in life an

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appreciation of the wisdom of being active is forced upon nearly all of us. I think that the Old Boy in his stillness meant to indicate something far other than the attainment of nothing but nothing when he said :

“ The daily practice of releasing yourself to nothing in the entire ongoing brings daily loss of yourself. Repeat the loss again and again and you arrive at doing by not doing. Practise doing by not doing and very greatly you may do. The power of control may be won by humouring the active ; and by curving with the curve of things in their course until you achieve the quick of them as your very own in the stillness. Being in the tone and tune of them you may learn to run the full volume and quality of their power to the turn of your own.”

Apart from the selfish and, on occasion, quite proper personal use to which this craft may be applied, I think the Old Boy meant that in some equivalent of utter stillness and nothing doing one may get away from oneself around the corner, and come free into the free of all ; no longer hampered or fretted by the fixity of oneself ; no longer on the continual pivot of

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one's own single relation to all else; but arriving equally in many other centres, and gripping pleasing actualities simultaneously therefrom.

This misunderstood and miscalled doctrine of doing nothing; this policy of act not; this strenuous stillness, like one leaning on the tiller to make the wind do all the work of carrying on: it is something that demands alert effort. It is at the very opposite from the *sweet doing nothing* of the lazy poet when he is lazy; or of the tramp when he is not tramping. It involves the force of the reverse, and the mastery of balance. It is akin to the strategy lauded by the Old Boy, who seems to have been a shrewd tactician, of defeating an enemy by slipping the pressure which is being exerted by an enemy back on to the enemy. Not for nothing was this adept of seeming inaction hailed in later days as Prince of the Active Power. Being able to apply somewhat the secret of overcoming greater opposing strength by its own strength a little person can make a giant uneasy; and in conflict so play with him in unresisting curves and retirings and balancings that the striving of the giant may

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exhaust himself and turn against him till he fall. This secret in the lower application for war and struggle is guarded by the captains and elders of certain militant ones ; and some of it is even put to use by wrestlers in the arena. But leaving the warrior and the wrestler, and returning to the hilltop of the philosopher, we find the Ancient One in an active mood when he said :

“ By going right ahead right with all out of old times into the present we can master the present ; and become enlightened of that from which the past arose. One in right relation with the Moving Presence can bring the past to the present realization as he will. And one may rest now in effortless contentment with the present as it seems to be ; and may be equally rich of the past. One who can cling to high place attained in the present, and who refuses to fall from his standing, will endure ; and although he may die, yet in his own right he has mastered from life, and he will not perish from what he has attained. But one who drives strongly forward on the way has the will of a hero. And those who are single of purpose for the clear press forward without desire of

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being recognized as if they were fine jade. Yet neither do they pride themselves in being disdained as common pebbles by the multitude, like those who perversely seek to be abused or neglected in this world as if thereby they were assured of high acceptance in Heaven. In the highest personal affairs and the lowest personal affairs there is neither wisdom nor propriety in making an exhibition. In the way of things between there may be occasional advantage in a parade. And in such parade one may bow to the populace for the notice of the populace ; and bow to himself over the result. But the person who is going right ahead right to the clear will not act like an actor acting in a show. He will act as sincerely as if he were not seen."

The Old Boy said various things of that sort ; and together they constitute no philosophy acceptable to a sluggard ; nor yet to one mainly intent on applause and recognition. There is not even encouragement in his sayings for the anchorite who would deny himself to obliteration in God.

Often we have heard of those who follow the gleam. Those of them who are convinced from what they have wakened to of themselves are

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not to be dismayed by any compilation of the imperfect or unworkable or even the downright rejectable sayings of reputed masters and avatars of the Divine. Some of these old sayings are as universal and correct in application as a mathematical formula. Of others so it is and it is not so ; according to time and place and relation of the items concerned. Thus a compilation might be made of the recorded sayings of every great teacher to show how they contradict each other, and even themselves. It could be made without malice and not be worth making at that. It might awaken in some must-have-all-or-nothing temperament of the arrogant, or of the faltering, an unjustifiable mistrust of the teachings in the main. It might lead some precise ant to hesitate about crossing on this or that old stone bridge over the chasm with which he is confronted, because of fissures and crumbings here and there apparent.

Believe me now, even though those bridges fall, they bulk so great that in falling the very ruins fill the gap well enough for little ones like you and me to cross by them in peace of mind from life to death and beyond. Go ahead with caution ; but go ahead.

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THE dog and the cat may have the same notion from the same sign ; and there need be no words between them as to its true meaning. Ideographs in their purity as ideographs cannot be literally translated, because they are not made of letters. But even in the pursuit of letters it takes more than scholarship to translate. A poet in the time of a long-vanished dynasty declared that a translation at best is only the underside of a brocade. Which is about as near as the wits and the poets may come to in the way of what is true. But sometimes a translation may provide a fine new body for the very spirit of the original ; by which the best of it, and even somewhat which tried and failed to express in the original, is made to shine through language unformed when the original was written. Yet the more unlike are languages in method of catching and passing ideas, and the wider apart in manner of life are the

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people who use them, the less true may be a literal translation ; except as regards elemental acts, and relations common to all creatures. The literalist with exact labour may lug the bones across the gap between ; but usually he makes a poor soup of them. The spiritual spice and flavour is not to be had that way.

The Ancient One was aware of a Moving Presence ; waxing and waning for ever through all. He felt it as the breath of vacancy. He felt it as if it were a faint and little thing ; but a little thing ever beyond the greatest, and ever potential of more and more. Never an Almighty ; but ever surely a More Mighty. He conceived it as not exceeding its occasion ; and yet equal to any imaginable occasion. He said that it was strong ; and yet because unassertive it was not perceived by strutters until they stumbled over it ; such like seldom realizing even then what it was that brought them down. Thus, although so approachable and all-inclusive, yet because of its continual retirement it is liable to be ignored by self-asserters and vulgarians as insignificant ; as but the shadow of nothing. The Ancient One said

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that it was high-standing ; and yet that it never played the lord over any. He said that it nourished all things ; but would not compel. He said that it cherished all things ; but would not force itself upon them. He said that it opened the way through itself for all things to come forth into life and death and the adventures thereof ; and that also it opened the way for all things that would return home out of life and out of death. He contemplated it in the image of the Ever Available Mother ; bending tenderly over all seeking and approaching in goodwill. Speaking thus in his stillness of the Moving Presence as the Ever Available Mother, the all-encompassing One in Blue, seems to me he was of one mind in this matter with another great teacher who some five hundred years after his day went about speaking of his Heavenly Father ; and who, because of being acclaimed by his naturally exaggerating followers as the Lord of All, found it necessary to tell them plainly in like realization of the Presence : “ My Father is greater than I.” But they will not believe that.

The Ancient One perceived this Moving

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Presence as capable of permeating all ; and yet neither all nor any. In symbol as the Immortal Mother he thought of it as opening the way for all into existence ; and yet as leading in return from all into non-existence. He conceived the direction of its movement as ever in retirement from whatever is apparent. He conceived it as ever producing but never creating. He had difficulty in finding an adequate name for it. He conceived it not as any all-together of all. Nor yet as a person detached from his creation as an inventor is from the engine he has invented ; watching it to make it go right ; or letting it run on its own to see how it will work. There was for him no Creator ; each item of life coming organic to shape fundamentally of its own point power from non-existence. But ever all must come to existence through the Moving Presence. No wonder we call it God for short. But in our language we have five words from which, if their essential meanings are drawn and blended in one, we may have some indication of that Divine which the Ancient One came to realize far better than he could express. These five

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words are rhythm, glame, zest, charm and grace.

There may be a precedent of primal stuff before it comes to extensity. But if so, and if it acts, we cannot tell how it acts. It is easy, however, to observe that whatever of substance is perceptible by us reacts in some degree to what we call rhythm. Rhythm is vibration with an arranging quality. Some even realize it quick with creative or releasing purpose through the passional of life; whether sensual or emotional. More plainly for the majority it sweeps in the formative mood through what from our standpoint seems dead matter. Rhythm running through matter sets it to triangulating or curving or trying to do so in one fashion or another. It tempts things to run away with themselves from themselves as they are. Through ranges of what we receive as light and sound, and other quivers vaguely or never at all known by us, rhythm from the still parallel may line and twine, forming and parting and recombining, and in the eventual coming to naught again of the parallel. Rhythm opens the way for the outing of the formless into form. And rhythm may lift

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us out of form beyond form. We may feel rhythm rightly relating from the immaterial into the material and out again. We may know rhythm as stimulant of a peculiar pure pleasure. Whether we be men or snakes or other beasts, rhythm to order will often keep us amiable for longer time than we otherwise would be. The very sands of the desert will come to form and honour rhythm.

Glame goes forth as an immortal morning freshness. We are receptive of glame as a thirsty man is of water. Glame runs with a whoop and halloo of joy, but all too ethereal fine to hear. Yet the flow of it we may feel. It lifts the physical in life to its best. Glame undulates through living creatures as they first enter freely on life in their own power. It goes out from the unfoldment of living creatures to be received by other living creatures. It may go out from things which in our ignorance we think are not living. We may find glame lingering for us to receive it like a secret love from flowers in bloom ; and we may have it of fruits as they first come ripe from the tree. But not taken then it quickly passes away.

Glame laughs beyond all cold storage. It

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quits cold all which comes alive for quick and juicy use but which is then carefully laid away for a price; or has gone too long untasted; or has been frozen in the flavour-eliminating clutch of commerce. We may have glame of sunlit, moving, morning air. We may have it in the presence of clean waterfalls; or from the play of friendly winds. And in rare high fashion, like the promise of a future summer in an autumn sunset, we may feel glame radiating from the smile of one courageous and cheery in great age. It is then as if one were already touched with the spring-time joy of the new body awaiting the old body on which the hand of death is closing. Yes; or we may have a touch of glame in the romping of any little pup.

Glame is the curling edge of life-waves rolling out through new forms. It is too fine to entangle and keep; but it is as actual as the other forces fine and superfine which run skipping through existence, or poising on the point of new flight. Glame is the very iridescence flung in advance of the slower moving life-waves. Sometimes glame will so

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brighten through crumbling old forms that it coaxes the spirit more quickly to forsake them, and follow on after that which spins away to the east of life, the quarter we call the future ; there fashioning new forms.

It was not so much from fear of death that the instinct of self-preservation was crystallised in the subconscious of us, as it was from zest for what we got or thought we might get out of life. While any spark of zest remains we are willing enough as a rule just to go on living ; taking a chance on what comfort we may yet have of it. Zest stands up like a young child in us with arms-wide open to welcome any bright thing coming its way ; or the sight of any desirable thing which may be chased or taken or absorbed ; yes, or even only desired.

Zest determines our capacity for receiving pleasure from that which is not ourself. In zest we put forth to take ; but glame we receive, even unconsciously, for our quickening. When zest dies down in us, then glame fails in that measure to quicken our cling to life. Those who achieve to a neutral mood wherein they may receive the glame of life utterly without

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zest are praised by certain religionists of various religions as having come to a pure state of being; desireless as the Gods. I think the most of such have only gone sour. Those who are truly clean unattached to the joys of this world will yet in goodwill pretend to enjoy rather than discourage those in whom zest remains a glow. One may weary of a game in which once he had great delight; but if he be a good sport he will conceal his indifference from those who are still intrigued by it.

Charm is a still thing radiating a curious duplex of sensual and spiritual pleasure for those who are sensitive to its reception. It is a duplex which we cannot divide with precision, and would not care to if we could. Charm is laid upon certain persons from certain persons; and even from certain things which we fancy are inanimate. Charm soothes the natural tendency of all living creatures to resent each other's existence. And charm may lead us into the quietudes of peace.

Grace is a physical expertness, pleasing in action, irrespective of the purpose of the action. Charm is a power from appropriate movement

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with ease ; plus the indefinable touch of beauty. It is always spontaneous ; without strain ; without apparent need of attention. In the equivalence of a higher level grace is a gift in goodwill. It may come as a sudden release from need for slow or painful effort. It gives a lift to one below ; sometimes clean beyond reach of the pursuing bloodhounds of justice. It closes and smooths with healing effect whatever there has been of fault.

Through all these five words, rhythm, glame, zest, charm and grace, there runs a gossamer thread of meaning in common. There is in all of them an implication of easy and happy influence or influence linked with well-being. We have no single word or character any more than the Ancient One had to cover what all of these words might mean in their conjoint entirety. We are unable to strike the full chord of all five in one word. At its best we had best leave it nameless, rather than make any new word for so rare and fine a thing ; a thing common as the grass and the sky that is for ever rounding over it. Any new word might soon be abused in sheer cant or char-

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latanry, or for cursing ; just as the many great names of God have been so abused. Moreover, all five aspects for which these five words stand would need to be set like gems in the underlying gold of another idea, which crudely may be suggested thus : there is a continual continuing. But in this continuity there is ever the full equivalence of each and every item that was or is or shall be. This equivalence is the ever-stay of existence. Of this ever-stay is the moving which we may sense or deduce as evolution and involution ; for ever weaving the items simultaneously. The Ancient One called this the double continuing. This continuing can have no ultimate object so far as we may discern ; no intention other than continuing. But we ourselves, and all living beings existent therein from points of origin, may have endless objects and intentions therein. In it I am an item and you are an item and every point of origin is an item eternally potential of manifestations ; just as figuratively each and every point of space is eternally potential of manifestation as the centre of circles ; and each and every such point is

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just that point and none other. This continual continuing is not to be thought of as an unceasing process of betterment; nor yet as a doom of everlasting disappointment. From any one angle or peak of existence we may point to the beginning or ending of an episode; a round of evolution or involution; and in the same time there of the same thing we may perceive in the reverse, so that the evolution is an involution and the involution is an evolution. Equally through both simultaneously the same process may be viewed as decay in preparation, or as growth from the prepared. But there is no benevolence and no malevolence of the process; no more than there is of a mathematical formula. Also it is entirely of existence; and not in any manner contained of the clear. It is the arcane trend; and we may call it celestial or infernal or natural just as we feel about it. The way we feel about it, whether we know it or not, will be the way we adjust ourselves to it in the affair of our own ongoing.

For convenience, however, we may select some special word or words for indicating as near as may be the full content of the arcane

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trend when flowing in the happy direction. Any such word should be familiar; and yet vague enough to serve our need with meanings ordinarily covered and rarely in part revealed. The Ancient One, who might easily be misunderstood as advising us to *stand back* or *retire*, because he could find no handy expression for what he wanted to convey in full, had to be content with signalling: *All right, go ahead*; or *Make way*; or simply *Gangway* or *Way* as it is usually translated. In doing this he used a character familiar to all philosophers and religious teachers of his time and place and race. But he intended more into it than appears. In our tongue the best equivalent for what the Ancient One intended and tried to indicate by one complicated character is, I think, the word *divine*. But if we call the happy trend the Divine, yet there will then be no need to utter or contemplate that name fearfully with head bowed; or with clasped hands for ever appealing. Such an attitude is very well indeed in part; and awe is as proper a thing as beauty and death. But oftener in the divine we may waltz. We may leap in the lift of

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spontaneous, irresponsible, sparkling, glad, unmoral, making and breaking waves of life, and call that divine.

The Ancient One was the first on record to give to men the restorative conception of pure happiness in a state of living beyond good and evil. The Ancient One said: "The good of doing good is not the supreme good." But the wisdom of that is far removed from the inane saying: "Whatever is is right"; or the other foolishness: "All is good." Were it true that all is good, and that there is no evil, as proclaimed by some of the denser-minded religionists who are comic enough to call themselves scientists, then the word *good* would itself be a word of no possible meaning; just as if there were no colour but white, then the words white and colour could have no meaning; and the concept of black or red would never come to mind. Still, if such people choose to call a toothache good, or find they can put it to sleep by changing its name and calling it a mortal error, why, let them have what comfort they can for a time in fooling themselves; let them do their magic by juggling with words.

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Gladly leaving these happy ones to be happy while they may, and returning to our depressed selves come wider awake, it may be possible for us to find and feel our way into the blue, and to go farther into the clear than ever can those who sleep in the closed comfort of any spiritual or material or social orthodoxy.

There is a Divine unconfined of any religion which can make tolerable to us in darkness and perplexity and misery the conditions in which we find ourselves, whether implicated of ourselves or of others, or of both ourselves and others, or merely of the great drift through indifference. It holds ever before us a promise of deliverance through the best we may be or know toward what is beyond all we now are or have or can imagine. And with that it may be close and familiar and soothing. Dusty adults, attempting to draw down the bright Divine with learned or sacred words to levels of intellect or ethics, have dulled and misrepresented the character used by the Ancient One as meaning *reason*, or *moral virtue*, or *law*, or *truth*, or some drab thing like that; expedient only because of our present plight and

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limitations; and the necessary severances and sins of existence.

There are many who touch the Divine for a moment in a moment through love. However transient the earthly episode or occasion of their love may be, yet in it they feel the eternal of what came through love and was more than any love. This way of attaining briefly through love is common and beautiful and unlimited as the sky. Yet there are other ways; one no better than another if that other serve to lead in the way of the secret. It is not only a few children and a few pure artists who unwittingly come by such other ways. There are saints even among the outcasts.

The Ancient One struck a grand chord when he said: "Although I am not sweet, yet if I be able to appreciate the sweet, then that is something attained. Although there be no beauty in me, and although I am not able to achieve beauty, yet if I receive any joy of beauty, then I have at least acquired the merit of being thus able."

It is this merit acquired, this quality gained, in however minute degree, which comes surging

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in unsuspected emotional strength to the surface consciousness of the most paltry, vain, grasping, selfish and even depraved men and women who visit a theatre to be moved against a show of base conduct, and to applaud a show of virtue triumphant; often then going forth to do worse themselves when the curtain falls. It is somewhat of this quality perhaps in the worst of us which makes possible a touch of Paradise for us in some dream, and a touch of Paradise also for us when we die completely out of this world, after we first expiate and purge and wear out so much of ourselves and our wrappings as we must in Hell.

Once in the silence of a temple, while offering incense and putting forth good feeling through and along with the spirals of it to the spirit of a friend who had died without any special distinction of action, or work accomplished, the Ancient One was asked what merit his friend had acquired in life; what good deed had he ever performed; and of what use had he been to his fellows. The Old Boy replied:

“ My friend is dead. Yet his life remains precious to me. There is no propriety now

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in asking of me what he did. The inferior have need to do, in order that their inferiority may be excused. And those specially charged with special service need to do all their lives in order to justify their lives. But it is greater rightly to be than greatly to do. My friend was of such heart and manner that merely by living as he lived he made the world his debtor. Go your way now, and ask no more ! It is enough that my friend was what he was to me ! ”

I think he meant that character is greater than achievement. For if one be of noble character, then no shameful act will ever be done by him ; nor any proper obligation be evaded. One of ignoble character has been known to do a noble deed here, and complete a great work there, and yet be so undependable elsewhere and at other times that he may descend to shame, and sink in vileness. Sometimes, however, the world is much indebted to inferior persons because of what they do in their best hours ; and for that they may be partly forgiven, and even accorded the grace of being entirely forgotten.

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Without denying, or affirming, or seeking to avoid whatever men may mean by God, or the Gods, or Archons and Masters in any sort above the daily boundary of our dust who are supposed to be ever striving for excellent, definite consummations in time; the Ancient One taught that there was no need of teachers. In going right ahead, like an infant at its mother's breast, he felt that he could get along without support or direction from other persons, however great or helpful. He seemed to think that caterpillars might crawl on to their proper destiny without need for any butterflies coming back to tell them how to roll up and go to sleep. Now for this he may sometimes be thought of coldly by those who are unhappy or feel incapable without directors and instructors to lead them on; together with many expansions of existence in view all rightly labelled and ear-marked by the masters. But the Ancient One contemplated no final perfection of existence. He knew that in the very nature of existence there can be no existence without the involvement of some imperfection. He knew that at every highest upland of

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existence as it is achieved there will always be some possible risk of descent; and that there can be no final episode in existence beyond which may be no other episode. All things alive both great and small are caught through their own imperfections in the drift of existence. Yet the very least of these, and the deepest sunken of them all, have alike an available pass open for them into the clear beyond existence. The utter realization and vanishment entire is possible for the most insignificant of living creatures without any need of becoming stupendous or variant in existence. It is possible merely by going the way of goodwill. And no weapon, no power, no enlightenment, no saviour can take the place of that for that.

By students and rudimentary scientists long ago, and later by camp-followers of the occult, the pure power of which the Ancient One was vividly aware was eagerly sought in hope that some material application of it might be made here and now in service of the body, or for earthly profit. There were those who thought that by being able to release and apply this

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power they might arrive at a potent process for readjusting the lay and relative structure of certain base metals ; projecting gold therefrom. Others thought a finer application of the power might involve its virtue somewhat in elixirs and potions ; so that those who drank of them would acquire such new vitality that the cage of the physical body would be continually repaired and renewed so as to hold its tenant comfortably at his own will and pleasure indefinitely. It would be ignorant presumption to say that none have ever had any success in these quests. But if there be any valid process for projecting gold out of mercury, or of reversing the trend in an ageing body so that it will grow young again, it would be only in a lower tense and application of that pure power to the realization of which the Ancient One was devoted. Such power may run to new gold and rejuvenated bones, but more likely beyond control of men, and from the skip from one life to another. These doubtful pursuits in transformation and reversal are well enough for a time, and for those who have any joy of them. But being immersed in them, and

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their lower aspects, one will hardly come to the secret of secrets.

The written teachings of the Ancient One may properly be divided into five parts: sorting into their right suits the aphorisms which have been so shuffled like a pack of cards in the come-down of the ages. Having sorted and placed them we find that all which is involved of the original ideographs remains clear enough in so far as the practical and political and moral teachings are concerned. To the wordless characters the just equivalent in words may be fitted from the language of any civilized people. But the teachings are less clear in their spiritual phase; and quite obscure they may seem at a first reading of the arcane hints and declarations with which they open. There may also have been a method of teaching in silence; and such may have been acquired in a way more akin to the ways of sense than of intellect. It might have to do with finding the approach to the secret of secrets; to sighting the jewel of the blue and becoming one with the clear for a moment. Words will not convey it; nor is it an affair of cerebration or moral

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exaltation. But maybe some subtle hint was given by the Ancient One when he said that the secret is in the reverse.

In the arcane chapter with which the book begins, emphasis is laid on three concepts woven in one out of the big nothing; and they make a rather slippery cord to hold by at the first. The first gossamer thread of a concept intimates a timeless state of unexistence which is called the clear. We can fashion no limit for the unexistent; and none can say of what that which does not stand out is not potential. The second concept contemplates an everlasting process of pure energy, ever instant and through and around and before and after every show of existence. The third concept is concerned with numberless points of origin which from time to time touch time and express from the clear and grow and stand and wither and fade again utterly into the clear where potentially they ever are.

The Old Boy tries to build an approach for us to the first concept by playing with our notion of vacancy. Seems to me his happy way of hinting at a clear beyond existence is more

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profound for all its lightness, and possibly more verifiable, than the identical doctrine given out darkly to the world a little later by the Enlightened One as the state of ceasing to become; the state in which one has slipped loose of the separates of existence; beyond the wind; nirvana.

As to the second concept, the Old Boy seems to have had some notion of an endless current doubling and running parallel and harmoniously either way through itself without clash simultaneously. In this current of pure energy all the separate items of existence are able to manifest. This he called the double continuing. In the assault to capture this concept for complete comprehension we may finally crack some new channel through our brains by which more from the surrounding unknown may glimmer through to us, and our thinkers may thereby be enabled to think new things. I offer now a silly clue by which one may nevertheless begin to enter into the outer-ness of what is meant by the double continuing of the same at the same time in the same place oppositely without discordant collision; one

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in two and two in one. Suppose you have a clever daughter practising scales on the piano. You close your eyes but not your ears and listen ; trying to know nothing of anything but the sound that comes. The little finger of her left hand is now on lowest C, and the little finger of her right hand on highest C. She plays back and forth without error. The double sounding goes through you as one ; an identical tone current flowing in opposite directions with no collision of discord ; a parallel double of one in high and low at the same time to your spaceless ear. But if a finger of the player slip off key, then there is discord and annoyance. And in like manner something will begin to bother us every time we step aside from going right ahead right.

The third concept of the arcane chapter is not so difficult ; and so need not be dwelt on at length. It comes through the notion of each thing self-growing, whether crystal or tree or mouse or man, being of its own point self-originating ; and as to any one or myriad of its potential transient forms being ever self-creating whenever right materials are found upon which to strike and cling vitally.

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In the chapter on the arcane the pure power is spoken of as being of equal availment for men and butterflies; and its process as tending eventually to transmute all from confinement to unconfinement, yet at the same time making possible, and involving of the adventure of living, some inexplicable enrichment on the return to the clear. Vaguely it might be called the sublimation or spiritualization of experiences. Obviously then the less we bite off from the hard-tack of existence the more readily and completely we may digest it. Also the more we seize to drag back as loot into the Eternal the harder may be our return. And so those enamoured only of existence may gorge themselves until they come down with acute spiritual indigestion; or suffer a chronic dyspepsia in absorbing the experiences of this world. Such indeed are liable to become fed up with life, and if of a high turn may become ascetics and religious gloomsters; but if only broadly intellectual they are like to elaborate such philosophies of despair that even in a moment of sensual pleasure, advocated, or secretly practised, as the only thing worth while, they leap over the

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choice moment in their mind ; anticipating a mere morass of satiation. They spoil both the fine thrill and the happy languor of relief had by those who accept cleanly and carelessly of every pleasing thing that comes their ways without fretting or pestering others because they cannot make it more than it is. The Old Boy indicated in quaint ways the importance of not being too much in earnest about ourselves. But his declaration that the Pure Power, the Mother in Blue, God, Nature, or what you please to call the supernal Providence, is equally available for butterflies as for men, and is equally concerned for both ; well, that is quite too inclusive for human conceit. A philosopher or preacher or demagogue must be homo-centric if he would be popular with the people ; yes, or even with the superior persons who would rule and control the people. But the Old Boy was not popular with the superior persons of his day ; and he said he did not care to be great by agreeing with the people. That may account for the standing he has ; above and below.

Not many of us now in our normal state can

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think long or to the purpose without words ; or the equivalent mental counters and connectors used by those born stone deaf. The majority of us, even with all senses acute, are early so tied to words that we cannot think at all without mental enunciation of them ; or at least we think we cannot. None of us, however, are so captive of words but what we may convey simple wants and opinions and messages without words. Thought without words may be clumsy, vague, inaccurate, and incapable of long continuing concentratedly in one channel ; that is, for most of most of the time. But occasionally there may be thinking vastly quicker and more effectual and actual to the actuality toward which it is intended than ever is to be attained in the slow march of words. And thinking without words is the only way if we would reach above our normal intellect to invade new regions and modes of knowing. Animals and plants, and probably minerals, begin to think through memory repeating thin duplicates of sights, sounds, smells, touches and what other drift and income otherwise may be had of sense organs, and the preliminary

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contours and outreaches from which they are evolved to sharp precision. These sensuous receivals in their own grammar relate rightly for the centre of comprehension; and from this sufficient knowledge is had instanter for action. Say if you will that this is not thinking in the enlightened and logical way of the human. When the butterfly is on the flower, how much will it care if some superior caterpillar rebukes it for not coming properly to its objective by creeping? And thus with the Ancient One whose nimble brain so laughed at thought when he found he could arrive at once without it.

When our eyes are closed in sleep we may be awakened back to this world by words. But not often by any thin sound of colours; and seldom by any delicate fragrance. Yet here and there it would seem as if the Ancient One, having no sound for what he would say, were trying to waken a sleeper with an appeal of fragrance and starlit auras; trying to waken a sleeper for the recovery of a precious thing going away from him in this world. If there be that precious thing which we are losing

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through this world, then against the loss of it the most of us remain soundly sleeping, notwithstanding all the doings of our busy days.

But from the topmost pinnacle of his teaching I believe that the Ancient One is no longer trying to waken us from sleep to anything of this world. It seems rather as if by some enchantment of the unknown he would wave us aware and awake on the other side of sleep ; on the other side of all that we call living, here or hereafter.

Coming down to politics I would say that the do-nothing doctrine of the Old Boy was largely misinterpreted as a policy of drift and stagnation. Yet even from that feature of his teachings, all twisted awry, there was cultivated the cunning art of passive resistance. And in line with his political teachings it is a fact that his peculiar and prolific people did somehow manage far better than the modern thick-crowding races to keep themselves free from any plague of official busybodies and militant regulators. Among them, almost down to our own troubled day, all persons of the sort were discouraged. When they lost

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their heads about enforcing unpopular reforms, then they lost their heads; and nobody grieved much about that. The result was a practical democracy; with contented communities ordering their own affairs, led by reasonable gentry and aldermen. In no small measure it was one cause for one empire of odd people outlasting the many rising and falling empires elsewhere in the world.

Socially the teaching of the Old Boy made for cultivating the serene of life. Poise was commended rather than ostentatious politeness. This social mode is known by us as leading the simple life. The Ancient One would have us acquire the knack of living big through the little moments between the times; expanding them to easy cycles unrecorded around the acute angles of pleasure and pain. Slipping through the moments in some fashion he learned to be evasive of much of the insistent ugliness of life; and the beauty that he would no longer chase came shyly on tiptoe back to him.

Somewhat of the fantastic became associated with certain phases of the teaching; and

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some sedate adults find this to be reprehensible. But at least it stimulated the quest in life for that which makes of death but an inside-out turn to a come-alive again. Also it led to a search for a pure transmuting power which might be concentrated to some pinpoint of utility in human affairs. This power, when brought to control, and made to work for our convenience or profit, was figuratively referred to as the philosopher's stone ; and this by-path from the great highway followed by the Old Boy became known to us later as alchemy. By devious routes of ship and caravan the science and art of alchemy was passed on to those intellectuals who once were highly honoured and flourishing among the people of the Prophet of God ; and through them some remnant of it cleared to chemistry for all the world.

For long now all the teachings and the intent of the Ancient One have been wrapped in dim atmospheres and distances. Even writers for our encyclopædias complain of their obscurity, in such brief notices as they are commissioned to make concerning them. They have not been comprehended vitally and freshly as being

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ever of and for the present. And largely they have been dismissed with polished insolence by the learned and ignorant official conformists and scholars of the land in which they were first written down in part ; and silently proclaimed in part. But after a turn or two for right focus his most nebulous indications clarify very brightly into the obvious. All in all they amount to little more than saying :

Existence is being apart. Life is an ever-changing compromise between this and that of imperfections imperfectly opposing or accommodating each other. Each thing living emerges of its own point of origin ; and it is our own fault that we exist. Only of its own original virtue may any living thing escape clear beyond the sundrances of existence. Goodwill is the way ; and to return in that way gives some worth to the adventure.

I think he says to run away from it all. I think he says to cling more loosely to yourself, and the things that slip with time. Come to the hills and be a heathen. There is a better show beyond. Live on the heath and sleep in the heather and go exploring in the morning

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to reach over and across the immortal horizons. Every right child is a heathen at heart ; and all who retain the wisdom of children return to the old tower of outlook when they are wearing loose of this world. Strays from the original religion of longing will come from time to time to ease the affairs and cares of all things doomed to live as we live. And widely the ever-young wisdom in animism is felt above the descent into the militant orthodoxies, and the ordered fixities of science, and the business politics and machine efficiency under which we now weary of life.

Original religion may contemplate the existence of living creatures invisible and unfeeling, yet capable of doing great havoc among men. It may resort to many ineffectual ways of guarding against evil influences ; and it may fear innumerable devils great and small. But happily it knows them as too thin of our dust to assail us directly like tigers and snakes and mosquitoes. Also original religion may commune with many kindly and approachable saints and ancestors ; and may revere heroes and great seniors and high Gods

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like stars. But of one Cosmic Satan, one supreme Devil personal and intent on evil as its only joy, original religion knows nothing. It knows not the world as overshadowed by such a one. Equally it shrinks from the notion of one Cosmic God as creator ; one personal conceiver and almighty father of tigers and snakes and mosquitoes which he outfits and equips with fang and venom, and then turns loose ready and equipped to bite the more innocent other children which he had begotten. Of such perverse being there is no vision in original religion. Each item alive, from the greatest to the least, is viewed as originating primarily out of its own point of desire ; and as primarily being responsible for what from time to time it may be.

It may be that many of the perennial pleasantries and fooleries of children's games, and of every right country fair, or jolly deceptive circus, derive from original religion. Even so, and even although harlequins and conjurers of the immemorial cult may take advantage of us now and then, and various charlatans eke out a mean living by constructing

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bogies to frighten or defraud us, yet these are as nothing to what the high financiers may do to the pockets of the poor; and they are as nothing to what certain of the militant orthodox teach in colleges, or the truth-seekers and remarkable rationalists and other servitors of gloom and precision may conjure up to our dismay.

I stagger through life like a drunken slave, carrying a precious treasure for someone else. I am cunning and stubborn only in my determination to deliver it. Not long ago, thinking of these things, I found myself gazing at an artistic indictment of God. It was a painting which revealed hopeless devotion, facing certain doom. A great polar bear with her cub, adrift on a small ice-floe in an open Arctic sea. The sun going down redly over the heaving dark waters. Nothing else. The cub was sleeping confidently; crouching against its mother. In hungry despair the bear looked over the bitter waste; realizing the end, as wild animals so well do. Still she kept in the attitude of protection over her cub. And in that I thought of her grand triumph against the

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conditions of life and the malignity of existence. Trust and defy and die. Something better of such will come to its own.

To a world long given over to drudgery and venality and cruelty; darkened under the downcast look of masses unsatisfied; drab with the mean maxims of commerce; irritated by fanatics who exploit righteousness in their lust to rule; often sacked and outraged in senseless wars, and picked to the bone by profiteers in the background: to such a world of men there still may come a clean, happy, singing spirit from the innermost temple of the Ancient One; and it may go forth to keep green what yet remains of simplicity and sincerity. Something known in times remote beyond all reckoning is never entirely lost to us; something of the illimitable blue beauty, and the delight of the immediate presence in little things that are harmless and all happily in place. Unusual children; an odd one here and there who seeks the secret; a few shy scholars of the return: these have heard perchance from somewhere; and in the wonder of what they hear keep silent. And even with-

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out hearing there are others who may still feel a little of the touch of faery; the breath of the Mother in Blue; the wind that is older than God.

Will there be any hint worth while now in this queer parable which was told very long ago?

PARABLE OF THE VINEGAR TASTERS

To a great jar of vinegar came the Ancient One, and the Blessed One, and the Sage. Being what they were they each dipped a finger into the jar, and tasted of its content. The truthful and correct Sage very properly said that it was sour. The Blessed One, utterly averse to what was before him, went deeper into the taste, and said that it was bitter. But the jolly Old Boy licked his finger, and said that it was sweet.

Scripture of the Heavenly Way

I. ARCANE

1. THE doing that can be done is not the regular doing. The significance that can be signified is not the everlasting significance. The Divine that can be divined is not the Eternal Divine. Yet there is a lasting way beyond land and sea and sky which may be indicated. There is the Heavenly Way leading clear to the clear. Striving to go right ahead right I would tell now of the Heavenly Way.

2. What then is this Heavenly Way? What is this Divine which may be divined; and this Eternal Divine which cannot be divined? The Divine which may be divined is the Ever Moving Presence in the Never Moving. Rounding all moving is space. Rounding all sound is silence. But if we call this the Eternal Divine we say nothing.

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3. I have no full name for the Heavenly Way. Some talk of the breath of the valley; some talk of the vim of vacancy. I know there is one pure power. Through every item of existence while it exists the one pure power will be coming and going on the double wing of the instant. There is a domain that is formal; and a domain numeral; and a domain moral. There may be other domains utterly diverse in the knowing of them. The valid presence of the pure power may be known through all domains. But because of its diversity in mode of manifestation we devise for it many names. Yet ever there is a way of unfoldment in line with the pure power; and in that there may be a return to that which is before every domain and every mode of existence.

4. There were heroes and holy men and great seniors of old. Of one breath they got vim and virtue which eventually took them on high. Within them the desire which is in each to prevail for itself alone went quite loose of that limit. It refined and went thin within them. They neither stirred then to

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show their quality for the admiration of others, nor yet did they pretend humility. After they quit self-assertion for themselves alone they sought to live with all as if there were but one interest of all in all. But that led them strangely elsewhere in a way not at first foreseen. They became retiring. After they were illumined they became elusive. Then they went so deep into the other air that what they sent through for our guidance may seem too vague for our understanding. Because it may seem too bodiless for our density; too delicate for our use; too slim for our grasp; too glimmering quick to take form long enough for our eyes to hold: now therefore I would make plain of it what I may for our own time.

5. In the days while yet these great ones were of earth they conducted their affairs naturally; like other creatures of earth. They were as common folk; making no great show to the common eye. Although intent on what they had to do, yet they seemed content to let things take their course; indifferent as the rocks. How unassuming they were! How uncon-

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cerned about displaying their excellence on every occasion ! How reluctant in any attempt to stay the hand of the Universal Carpenter for ever hewing the shapes of things to be, according to the texture which each has of itself contrived ! How politic they were in letting muddy waters alone to settle of themselves, rather than attempt to clear them by more stirring ! They trusted the natural for all. They believed the pure power to be inherent of all. They believed in the original virtue of each. They came through into the Divine ; and the Divine drew them secretly to their form within and place on high. But these great ones would never assert themselves for themselves alone in any great matter where others were concerned. When abroad they acted discreetly, like well-mannered guests in the mansion of one greater than themselves. When at home they were gentlemen in simplicity. With them poise was the master of fuss.

6. I tell now what others have told. One to exist must be double. Each thing existing is open and shut in two ways of its existence at the same time. Everything that happens

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happens two ways at once; although as we exist we can observe only one way at once. But for ever at a point beginning and a point of ending there is one process moving oppositely through itself without obstruction. Arranging itself this process has an even equal trend two ways at the same time; opposite but acting as one. Every beginning appears in the reverse as an ending, and every ending as a beginning; and always at every point equally is beginning and ending. The most starry great beginnings, and the most stupendous utter endings, as to us they may appear, are not of any greater moment in the clear than are the countless little beginnings and paltry endings now by us unregarded.

7. From the clear beyond existence a light may shine within each of us, even as consciousness may come of unconsciousness, or as one may dream and wake and dream. If that light shine for us, then as it shines we may know into the clear which is the Eternal Divine. Knowing toward that eternal we begin to touch toward all life. Beginning to touch toward all life we grow wide in life

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beyond our own life, and may dream into the dreams of others. Thus growing beyond our own life we begin to acquire more of the pure power. Acquiring the pure power we may win to entry on high. The home of the pure power is through and within and beyond all on high and below. However outrounding the pure power is ever leading home. This pure power I call the Divine that may be divined. It is the Mother in Blue of the Heavenly Way. When in our widening outreach we make even the least contact with the Divine, then in that little we become aware and awake in the Divine ; and we are taken richly into the immortality of it even as a wastrel who by some turn of adventure is clothed and feasted in a royal palace. Such a one, having attained if but for a moment, knows to be attainable what he has attained ; and in remembering that he can never utterly lose hope. Having thus even but once attained, how then can one be in utter despair because of the decay of his body, or any body of his body, destined to rise and fall in the rounds of the rounding world ?

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8. There is one universal breath of one universal valley ; equally coming and equally going at the same time. Only in and because of this breath may anything stand out in the tip of itself from the valley. Going ahead with the universal breath either one way or the other brings peace. Backing against this breath either one way or the other brings misery. Going one way with the breath it is dark ; and going the other way it is light. But equally the dark is light and the light is dark ; and either way is as you are going with it. Neither way is wrong ; one is a way of joy in outgoing ; the other is a way of peace in returning. But backing against the trend of it either way, or not going in line with it through existence, one way or the other is wrong, because it brings discomfort and misery. And in measure as you divert from it either way to your own tangent, or dam it at right angles, in that you cause discomfort and misery. You bring it to yourself, or you bring it to another ; and if to another, then eventually it will twist double to yourself in the reverse.

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9. The trend one way we call the positive or active ; and the trend the other way we call the negative or passive. But each way is either as we relate to it on our way. Thus the female for her own purpose is positive and makes the male negative. And the male for his own purpose is active and makes the female passive. In its own point of origin for its own purpose each item is an ever-possible active, and all else to it is the ever-possible passive ; the plastic stuff upon which the fingers of its own desire may work from its own point to its own designs. Thus the active and the passive are equally of each existent thing ; and equally may be right in line. But the more intense of existence the more difficult to keep in line ; and the heavier in self we are pressing to exist the more we are liable to sag one way or the other to our hurt.

10. The Divine as the Moving Presence works in all confinement. Its apparent work is in ever removing confinement. A vanishing magic is involved with all as it is confined. Through everything runs the rhythm of disappearance. It is the trend of right

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ongoing, it is the vim of eternal vacancy, which ever from the very beginning of anything strives unobtrusively for its ending. Seen obversely by us in our world we may call it the law of decay. But apprehended rightly from the other side it is the utter opposite either way of blight and disease and stagnation. There is an immortal pulse of the clear for ever in vibrant refusal to be confined; and the heroes and holy men of old knew how to avail themselves of it for any great and equally for any little purpose not repellent to its release. Few come fine enough to acquire on their own the delicate craft of applying the flow of this power to serve their occasions. Without thought or learning a woman had it from a former age, and a child was master of it. Sparkling with life it yet works to untangle all life from existence as we know it. How comes it then that only because of its action are we ever able to exist? And what is existence?

II. Existence is never an affair of one leg. It does not walk that way. Existence is apartness. Nothing can exist without a twoness and a between. In this is the

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trinity of all expression. If a thing come to exist there is an end of it. And if there be one end of it there is ever another end of it, even although that may be a self-renewing end. If one end of a twoness were gone, then it met the other end in the between; and all three were returned endless and unexistent of the clear.

12. Truly the wise may close their eyes if it suit them better that way to think. But only to eyes that are closed or quite blind comes any seeming of unity. Some, refusing to see, assume wisdom; and assert the sameness of opposites. When they relapse into a daze their lack of vision may be accepted as vision by followers who neither see nor think; or who ball up all in one; or think of nothing but nothing, or think they do. Yet those who see at all must see that this is only here because that is there. And the very existence of existence depends upon opposites which are never identical. Wisdom is not attained by ignoring opposites. If the north turned south, then the south would turn north; and in the reverse each would be as it was. One point can never

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stand out to be another point; one centre can never give the identical circumference of another centre.

13. The point unlocal is prior to the point located. You in your unexistence are greater than any possible expansion which you may attain in existence. Awake, asleep, awake; asleep, awake, asleep: ever the dreamer remains more than his dreams, and the life of his dreams. Following in that line you may come to the true wonder of the emperor who never dies because he is never born.

14. There is that which is entire. Being wholly entire it does not exist. Being absolutely of vacancy unconfined it is not in the order of one with another. But of it is the original virtue of all that is apart. From the unactual of all that is possible comes the vim whereby anything may exist which can exist. In the even flow of this pure energy the points of origin are excited to express themselves. Then shapes arise and show and fall.

15. I see shapes arise and show and fall. None may in any fashion perceive the point

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of origin for each shape existent. I see flowers come to bloom; and then wither and crumble until the very root from which they came forth has crumbled and dispersed, as if there had been no root. The root may crumble and disperse. A point can never crumble or disperse or begin or end.

16. All stuff serves as a portal through which life of diverse character may come through from the clear to exist and be ended. The life which may be let through the stuff to grow shapes will vary as the stuff is opened within by conditions without. Here are three fresh eggs. They are the same size and shape, and are all of the same stuff. I put one in boiling water for three minutes, and change its character within. Yet as food it may still be a portal through which some life power enters into me. I put the second under a sitting hen; and in three weeks a creature of flesh and blood and bones walks out of it. I put the third aside in the open; and in three months it will be to us a rotten mass full of life in evil minuteness. But all stuff serves as a portal through

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which life of diverse character may come through from the clear to exist and be ended.

17. All that may come through to exist comes through in the flow of the one pure power ever moving. The method of the pure power is motion. Yet it is not the motion of things; although it may lower into stuff as the motion of things. It is a spirit ever running away from itself into stillness. In its double and equal opposite process the power runs through all things; trying to revert their apartness back into the entire. It runs to straighten the whirl and curl in each and every item of existence as if it would have each and all parallel of the unparallelled. It never succeeds finally in existence; because nothing can ever finally succeed and continue to exist. It is the continual lapse and slant one way or another, in one aspect or another, in one degree or another, which keeps things in the general apartness which is never in reality a universe.

18. We only continue to exist because of imperfection. And so long as we continue uncompleting from imperfection to imperfection we continue to exist. The various

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items of life, because of the stubborn desire at centre of each of them, will cling to this or that span of existence on which they may manage to show forth their imperfection. Whenever the desire-centres are loosed or untwisted from one form they whirl and curl truantly to another which they have thrown out and built in advance ; dodging the leading of the pure power one way or another ; avoiding the straight way to the enchantment entire. It is the game of life ; and in every good game there must be something foolish.

19. Where are we ? Where is anything ? One thing cannot be anywhere at all unless there be at least one other thing. But two things cannot be anywhere at all unless there be somewhat of the come-between ; some intervention of the third quid. Unless three stand out for recognition there never can be any somewhere known or fastened of the eternal nowhere. And the involvement of three in each and all as it may stand out is universal.

20. Against the final there is ever a touch of the infinal. In the truth of every actual

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there is a touch of untruth. No thing can exist entire of itself in unrelation. Neither can we know anything except in the incompleteness of our knowing. Any thing being related to these of this and that must be related otherwise to those of this and that. As the knower changes his angle of knowing, and the thing changes the relation in which it has been known, so the actual truth of it, and the truth as known, do likewise change. And there is more than one truth of the same at the same time.

21. Now there is no use in saying there is no use of all this because you cannot grasp it. For look you : what use have you of anything which you may grasp except there be that which you cannot grasp? Only through that which is not actual can there be any use of the actual. Nothing is so near you as vacancy. That which moves can only move through that which to it is vacancy. In pushing through that which would block it there is ever some vacancy in advance of it. In the small way of that cup in your hand now it is only useful because of the vacancy which it rounds for you to fill ; and

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the vacancy atop of that through which you may drink. The hollowness of it you cannot grasp; neither in origin nor in ending. You do not even see that hollowness, although you may think you do. And when the cup is broken to bits the whole of the hole which you perceived as a useful vacancy remains neither more nor less than it was before the cup was moulded. When your cup is full again you will find happy use for it only because of the vacancy in your mouth and throat and stomach toward which you will presently upturn it. Be glad then of the various vacancies as they succeed and make room. Your car waiting out there by the gate can only be of use for conveyance because of the vacancy wherein turns the axle of its wheel. And when you go home your house will only be useful because of the vacancies which it confines wherein you may move and find shelter and comfort. These flippancy words of vacancy, and the trifling vacancies of which they make an empty jest, may yet serve as symbols wherefrom you may decipher somewhat of the reality of the

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Eternal Vacancy within and through and beyond all apparent vacancies in which the actuals exist.

22. My bottle and your body may be well-shapen and comely things. But both alike would be a foolishness except for that which is not them. And the forming universe itself is only actual of and for that which comes and goes of it other than itself.

23. The learned may find relief from time to time in explaining this and that by other words and new names. But that which is cannot argue that it is not. If it do, then there is no argument. It is; although it may never explain itself. But now comes the professed rationalist; and there is no longer any mystery. "Behold how I illumine all!" as the firefly said through the night in which it died.

24. Nothing can exist except there be that which does not exist. Things stand out only because of that which does not stand out. The existent is without room to exist except by reason of the non-existent. There can be no form without the formless to it from which it is edged apart to form.

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There can be no appearance of shape without the shapeless to it from which it appears. The positive is ever limited in the very quality of being positive. The more intense the positive the more it is rounded formlessly and illimitably by that which to it is formless and negative. Indefinite beyond every person and all stuff is that which makes the outstanding of every person and all stuff possible. The Lord Above is only the Lord because of that which is not the Lord ; even as the sun can only be the sun because of the vacant sky which never exists.

25. Whatever exists by growing itself has the cause of its growth from the causeless centre which is its own unique point of origin. This point of origin remains clear of existence ; but it is ever potential. One potential point unexistent is not another potential point unexistent.

26. Although every centre of outgrowing must express somewhat of somewhat from the same common stuff, yet every such centre being unique is apt to be peculiar. Therefore the same stuff when characterized and wrought upon by one power-centre will

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not come to shape or quality as it will if acted upon from another power-centre. And that which comes from each centre will because of so coming be differently related to all else. That which already exists in form and stuff may provide the occasion for life coming through it to form the stuff anew. But except in alteration of the relations of one item to another item, and the combining or disjoining thereof, there is no creation. One may open the way and alter the flow; but that is all. Whatever grows, grows itself from within out to its end.

27. The appearance of a candle involves more than the material of a candle. The flame of a candle involves more than the candle. But the cause of the candle and the cause of the flame is neither in one nor the other. And a candle has no soul because it does not grow itself.

28. That which appears is not its whole appearance. In any least appearance and any greatest appearance there yet remains an unperceived which may be perceived, and an unexpressed which may be expressed.

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Also there stays that which never appears, and which never can be expressed.

29. When we appear here, then somewhat else of us no longer appears here. When this showing of us may no longer exist, then somewhat else of us begins to exist. This is called the double continuing.

30. The people say : The sky is great ; the power above is great ; the earth is great ; the power below also is great. But man, standing on the earth, measures by his standing with the earth. And the measures of the earth are dependent on its standing with the sky. And the measures of the sky are dependent on its standing with that which does not stand out in the sky.

31. Symbols are of actual form or effect in themselves. Yet if they be symbols of actual effectiveness or disclosure, then they are actually linked with formless things more actual than themselves. In proper fables for the teaching of children and the wise among the elders there are characters and occurrences. But although these may seem quite possible in the way related, and may even have been actual on occasion, yet unless

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the characters and occurrences stand for more than stands out in them in seeming, then the tale of them is of no high value for the teaching of more actual things coming and going beyond our measure ; movements alive and ordering themselves all in all of a universe to which the entirety of our universe is related only as a map is related for you to a country which you have not yet visited.

32. I conceive eternal stillness. I know the universal quiver. I observe the endless rising and falling of shapes. But is there one of these three? The people revere the Three Pure Ones ; saying they are separate in existence, but one in the eternal. But I do not concern myself now with the mystery of three in one, which is found everywhere, and which comes of nowhere. There are endless repetitions great and small of the triune. But in goodwill I find the way. Going right ahead right I will attain the clear. I weary now of the intricate.

33. Thus it was that when I was too much worried by little affairs of the nagging days I turned my mind to the great issues.

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But when the great issues weighed too heavily on my spirit I looked yet farther away, and laughed at the great issues. Then I would turn again and play with trifles; finding the peace of them. Or I would consider what supplies I might get for my kitchen.

2. SPIRITUAL

1. Where I have great friends I am not afraid to go.

2. But now I am in strange disquiet. White-winged a bird immortal is rising into the blue; never to return as it was. Forlorn I hear a sweet, receding sound. All that was loveliness to me seems going away from all that is here. I put forth my arms in appeal to go with it. I shall be taken. But those who are low and heavy and hopeless of themselves may not find this wonder of going; or else may find it low and heavy and hopeless as decay. Yet that to which I appeal may be found by all who in goodwill appeal to it for it. All may be lifted on high by the pure power of it.

3. Low and alone, but looking high, I

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think of what is receding. Then I think of the Immortal Mother, the Moving Presence of the Blue, and to that I appeal. The Immortal Mother is the Divine which may be known here and now. The Mother in Blue will nurse all who seek her strength. The Mother in Blue will produce all who would come forth ; opening a way for such to exist. The Mother in Blue will lead all away who no longer care to exist ; she will croon all to sleep who come to her for that and that only. The Mother in Blue is the pure power of the Heavenly Way. It is the form of the formless through which comes all form. It is the eidolon for which no idol adequately stands. Go behind it and you cannot see how it begins. Go before it and you cannot see how it ends. Even as the lightning it is nowhere for your staying ; and yet it is still as the unclutchable sky. Calm ; it is never dazzled in the light. Unafraid ; it is never obliterated in the dark.

4. Goodwill is not determined by any declaration of it ; nor can the order of it be bound by any edict or authority. Its course is laid by no being however great, above or

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below. If one be kin of the order he will not be confined in spirit howsoever he be confined outwardly. He may stand against all that is uttered or imposed ; he may defy things as they are. One in malice may proclaim what is true in fact. One in goodwill may teach what is not true in fact. But this that is true in fact and this that is not true in fact alike appear of facts changing and passing as fagots in a fire. What I in goodwill would teach of the clear may in truth be beyond all limitations of the truth of things. Yet the way to the clear does not vary because of any change in the things that change ; and I know the way in myself. Men say my teaching of the way is great, but unlike the teaching which they have received of old. The way is neither old nor new. But because now I give truly a teaching of the way it may appear new ; and it is great. But what has been taught before, I also teach.

5. I tell of the Divine that may be known. The Divine is unqualified. Yet it is like an inexhaustible elixir for the quickening of qualities. If you would say that it is the

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Arch Father of All, I tell you that I cannot name that of which it is the child. But it comes before any Lord Above. And it is the power in us to Heaven.

6. The beauty of the sunrise is not for the blind. I receive pleasure or pain from without only because of what is within to receive it. None have any joy of Heaven because of being good, or because another is good, unless within themselves is the power awake to appreciate that joy. But if a person go right ahead right even although sunken in the lowest life and region, then the power will accumulate in such person unperceived, and eventually he will quiver in tune with Heaven, and may be lifted free and clear to the blue.

7. I tell of the Divine. The Divine mingles in all our commonry. If we put ourselves in line with it, then it will untangle little affairs that have gone wrong with us. There is a way for the body to go, and a way for each organ of the body to go in line with it. The Divine may be very trivial, but the way of it is the natural way. The Divine moves gently for all in line with it ;

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so gently that many are never aware of it unless they have gone too much against it. Then they do not know it as the Divine, or as anything gentle. Yet it would not cleave us with its fine edge, nor bewilder us with its cunning. It would adjust itself to our dust; and as an equal in our lowliness it would minister to our relief. And thus the Divine is the good man's priceless treasure; and also it is the only hope for one who is not good. By it all discord may be attuned, and all sorrow allayed. Why did the inspired ones of old esteem the Divine so highly? Because they knew that daily one may commune with it; and that by it all impurity of spirit may be blown clean away. It is the most precious thing; and it flows for all above and below. The Divine may be poured into many cups; and although divided to each of you, yet no drop of it ever is lost. It has no confinement of quantity; it is neither great nor small, but always equal to the occasion. It is the gift of life beyond life. Partake in goodwill of that life and you will lose all taste for this.

8. To acquire the benison and virtue and

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peace of the Divine it is necessary to strip clean of all passion for yourself. When one is in a tangle of his own passion without concern for others he loses of the very original virtue which must be potent in each thing before it can free itself of itself. And even if one be in a tangle of passion for others, forgetting himself, yet from the twist of such passion one may sink heavily and stupidly and bitterly back into oneself, even to the abyss of banishment.

9. In the clear is no will to do. Of the Eternal Divine there is no desire. But if in the clear there comes a point to desire, then straightway that point is apart and sundered and existent. Then the Mother in Blue is found innumerable providing a way of outgoing and a way of return. All things and as they sink in existence seek to impose upon others. But as desire comes into line with the ongoing Divine, then the desire to dominate others refines and transforms in the reverse. Obedience may be expedient; and may be a virtue through conditions thick and sunken. The more infernal the state and the occasion the more

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the necessity and virtue of obedience. But there is no obedience in Heaven.

10. When the sincere inquirer is brought dimly to the Divine he diligently follows after it, wherever it may lead. When the careless inquirer comes to knowledge of the Divine he may attain somewhat ; but turning from careless to selfish he may lose even what he had in original virtue before he came to hear of the Divine. When vulgar persons hear tell of the Divine they make a joke of it. I think if the vulgar did not find the idea of the Divine too fine for their grossness, then it would not be the Divine at all.

11. He who rightly seeks the Divine does not press forward to be first in it. He is content to share and receive of it as may come to him in the order of his standing. For such a one there will always be more ; and he will grow old in the other air. Growing old in the other air you come loose and away of your old bones. Then you may turn the magic corner. When you turn the magic corner the quality of the new is in the reverse ; and you become

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supple and splendent in high life. Thus ranking high in your own right honour you will always be acceptable and in order; whether you be presented unprepared before the highest, or mingle on your way with the lowest.

12. Although I am not sweet, yet if I be able to appreciate the sweet, then that at least is somewhat attained. Although there be no beauty in me, and although I am unable to achieve beauty, yet if of beauty I am able to have any joy, then I at least have attained the merit of being thus able.

13. As you are in your heart so will the Divine be available for you. To one standing apart it may even seem that the Divine working through you becomes tainted of yourself. It is not tainted any more than is the sunlight by the garbage on which it shines. Nor does a pure fountain lose its purity at source because of the foul pool through which its waters have gone forth. Open your heart to the pure fountain therein without reserve, and then the flow of it will so increase through your heart that the

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foulness will be gone from it, and it will seem as one with the crystal purity of its source.

14. The light of the sun has no favourites. The grace of Heaven is for all alike without distinction. It may come to a person ; but it is not the gift of a person. And it is received differently, if received at all, because of the endless distinctions of those who receive it. It is for the availment of butterflies, in so far as they live and exist, as it is for the availment of men, in so far as they live and exist ; and ever quite as impartially for any one as for any other. But as bats shun the sunlight so things of evil shun the Heavenly Way.

15. The action of Heaven, like the drawing of a bow, will bring down the high and lift up the low. Heaven will take from those who have too much, and give to those who have too little. But such is not the way of inferior spirits and men. They would take from those who have too little, and with it add to their own fat. But what man among you takes from his own abundance and gives without display of himself for the benefit of

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those in need? That man is learning to walk in the Heavenly Way.

16. If you would learn of the wise remember this : the good man may come as teacher for the bad man. The bad man may be the only available material for the good man to work upon ; or there may be some other reason. But then if the pupil will not learn sincerely of the teacher, and if the teacher be averse to the nature of the pupil, the work they do between them will be of little or no value. But when the good workman loves his work and the material upon which he works, then a masterpiece may be achieved.

17. Be not over anxious for instruction from another. Trouble not to find yourself a teacher on the Heavenly Way. Work in yourself, and care not if no teacher come to you. What teacher have I? Yet in my humility I aspire beyond limit. And in that my loyalty is neither to person nor to place, but to an estate before time. To that I need no master. Take the help of another as it is offered, if you find it acceptable. But beware of being too reverent of

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any person or of any voice on the Heavenly Way. In silence your own you may find beyond your own or the own of any other.

18. In time and from time to time are completions, and various glories and disasters. But now I would open through myself to that which I seek. Yes, I have heard of this person and of that person; and of this appearance and of that appearance. Also I have heard of the Lord Above. But I follow not to any person; whether coming before me or coming after me. A person is ever a person; even as I am a person. But there is that now into which any being however great may follow on beyond its own being. And if only I may attain to that I care not how I live, or whether I live. I take the best of what comes as best I may, and meet the worst as I must. But ever the heart of me beats to the drum of one that is marching beyond.

19. It is said that poised half-way between the clear and the apart one may know the three in one. It is said that through the rift of a single moment in time one may by

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divine chance attain the clear. But I shall attain it in goodwill beyond all time.

20. Saints and heroes and great seniors stand out in themselves. They are as they are; and I revere them. But I know that there is ever flowing a clear stream wherein untold lowly ones among all manner of creatures do find the way and return unnoticed of us to the clear. Why not find the way to follow those seedless flowers; flown loose of all enrootment here? But the numberless ones with whom we are involved prefer to remain involved of existence.

3. POLITICAL

1. A great ruler will rule a great people as a good cook would fry a small fish.

2. Going right ahead right is the mother of prosperity in the commonwealth. Such prosperity needs no father. But a great ruler aiding the people with his head and heart may be as an arch-father to all his people.

3. The careful rulers of old time did not enlighten persons with knowledge before they made sure of them going right ahead

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right. It is foolish to educate people so that they acquire tastes which cannot be honestly satisfied ; and have desires beyond what may be rightly attained ; and are diverted from work which they have rightly in hand to do ; and come to knowledge and powers which they only will use to their own hurt, or to the distress of their fellows. Those of the true gentry come neither of their parents nor of their teachers, but of themselves. Let them not strive to increase their number. Let not the bird that can sing or fly far misuse the hours in trying to divert the poultry from their own proper level. Those who may qualify otherwise of themselves will arrive of themselves.

4. The great ruler dwells over his people ; but they have no burden of him. The great ruler is first before his people ; but their vision is not blocked by him. The great ruler stands behind his people ; but they do not feel constrained by his protection. Therefore his loyal people serve him gladly as they would their parents, and do not tire in his service. One who is great in ruling attains what should be attained without strain

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or clashing of his powers. Then those who strain against him are presently straining against themselves to their own defeat.

5. The great ruler will rule his people so finely that they do not feel his rule, and may think they rule themselves. The great ruler will himself feel through the people as if they were his own body; and one otherwise a corpse would govern the Empire well if he kept contact, going right ahead right with the pure power.

6. The great ruler will content the hearts of the people by filling their stomachs, and amusing their thick heads, and making strong the bones of their upstanding. The great ruler knows that envy and fidgets are not apt to breed in the hearts of the well-fed who are happily at work. He avoids excess in ruling; he will not destroy the nourishing meat of freedom with scorching laws and smothering regulations. He saves his people as far as possible from the prying and molestation of snake-eyed officials; and those who elect of their own malice to regulate their neighbours. The great ruler knows that the right object of all right government is to make govern-

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ment unnecessary through culturing the honesty and fairness and goodwill of the people. In seeking to govern so as to make all safe without government the great ruler abhors a tyrant as he does a serpent ; and meddlers cloaked as servitors of righteousness as he does vermin. Under a great ruler none are made to feel inferior. Pride is cultivated so that all may feel superior in their own place, doing their allotted work ; and pride is cultivated through the very restraint and custom and discipline under which the people will respond at their best. In domestic and village affairs the people are encouraged to rule themselves. Thus they will always be loyal and eager in the work and defence of the Empire.

7. The great ruler, having discerned what is to be done, and having led a great work to completion for the people, will not then boast of his own greatness. He will be well content to hear the people say : “ We have done this of ourselves ; and naturally we are the people we are ! ”

8. As prohibitions of this and that are increased, and the free usages of old are exer-

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cised only by leave of officials, the spontaneous virtues of the common people wither ; and their tendency to resist even proper restraint increases, or else, more to be lamented, they shrink in docility at the uplifted hand of the official outsider ; ordering all from the outside, as an official orders. Now if you make the life of the people such that they have no joy of it, and become indifferent to death, how then will the extreme threat of death deter them from that which is evil ? But if life be made easier and pleasanter, and liberty be enlarged for seeking new delights, then more easily are the people ruled by fear of such penalties as loss of liberty and loss of life.

9. Regulators and reformers : quit your continual pestering to compel us to your own holiness. At best it is doubtful. Press no more your wise laws upon us. Then you will find the people benefit a hundredfold by original virtue shining out in them again ; directing and restraining and leading naturally. Quit trying to force artificial righteousness by edicts and decrees, and the people will return to all natural decency and

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family propriety. Prevent plundering of the people by those in high or hidden places. Distribute the fruits of toil with fairness, but with no exact equality, so that one may always have a chance for more than another. This gives interest in carrying on business. Let those of inventive minds be protected in the allure of greater wealth than their fellows; thus perhaps producing more for all. The great ruler will encourage creation.

10. The virtue of any living thing is from that which is within. If the inner be proper the outer cannot go far wrong. But if the inner go wrong, then the outer will surely decay; this being verifiable of the body of the state as well as the body of the citizen.

11. The great ruler looks all around. He directs the army with caution and cunning. But he captures the hearts of his people openly with plain dealing and simplicity. To govern with a double face is a cursed thing; and to appoint tricksters and pretenders to be ministers of state will make the common people crooked, and cause virtue to wither from the fields.

12. He who rules for sake of ruling will

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often ruin that which he rules. The great ruler gives before he takes. He who thus gives of himself is greater in himself. But the ruler who takes from others only to their loss will come to greater loss in himself.

13. The great ruler, like the great warrior, will hold to investigate whenever he meets harder resistance than he expected in any quarter. He will not stubbornly blunt his sword against it if he can find an easier way around for entry. And the great ruler is genial. He goes large and loose and confident with his people; displaying trust in their loyalty to the state; admiring their ability, and thus bringing them of their own motion to best form; each in his own place ready to serve, and keen for the honour of whatever his service may be.

14. When the government is steady, and reserves its power, the people have the best chance to flourish of their own original virtue. When the government is much in evidence, and inquisitive of little things, then initiative disappears in the business of the people. None feel the right self-assurance in going ahead. Business is upset.

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15. If the people become no longer neighbourly; if they lose natural respect for parents; if they accord no deference to the elders; if they disregard former achievements of those once in high places; if they turn from sincerity and family simplicity and flaunt themselves with great boasting: such people shall lose their standing and come to confusion.

16. Every wheel must have a centre to which it adheres in order to wheel. Every wheel of every car must have an axle at the centre in subjection to which it turns without overturning the car. Thus the car may always be on the level while the wheel rolls on. Every axle needs vacancy wherein to turn. The wheel is the government of the state. The ruler is the axle. But if the ruler be not rightly set in the ease and equity of vacancy towards himself as a person, then soon the car of state is upset.

17. The several parts of a car are not a car. But put the several essential parts of a dismantled car together again, and then that which was and is not will be again. The plan of the car and of that one particular car

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and none other was before the car was. The plan cannot be obliterated. The car as we have it is occasional to the plan; and is of ever possible renewal. This is true for the body of a state as it is for the body of a citizen. But the Empire is not in any one person. The Empire is a divine convenience for all who conform to its plan for ease and equity of life. If the power of the Empire be not deftly and discreetly handled by a master beyond himself, then the divine convenience is flown. The outer appearance of the Empire will only continue with trouble and sorrow. The great Empire is not held by force only; it is held by the will of all for all, as in a proper family revering the head of the family, and providing for each member in his place. But the ruler who of his own whim interferes with the free and natural working of any divine convenience will soon have it out of order.

18. Happy are the people who have unseen rulers because of whose watchful care they prosper. The people think they prosper of their own effort and merit, and that is true. But it is true also that flowers

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with all their own vim in them yet come better to bloom for the care of the gardener, of whose existence they may scarce be aware.

19. Happy are the people also who have rulers who are seen, and who are of their own kind ; rulers in whom they put full trust, and to whom they may become attached. Ruthless rulers the people fear ; and ignoble rulers they despise, and rightly cast down at the first favourable chance.

20. The proper object of the Empire is to unite and feed the people. The rulers of smaller estates should desire no more than to devote their lives to the service of their people. That there may be success in this let the great state stoop to conquer the lesser state only by reason and goodwill ; and let the lesser state conquer the heart of the great state by goodwill and compliance, offering to serve in great affairs for all. The great may attain more by being rightly compliant with all ; and those who are compliant with sincere goodwill may reach to great estate from a low estate ; sometimes without provoking the hostility of those below or above them.

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21. The great warrior does not desire war. To excel as a fighter he will not lose his temper. He contrives to make his enemies strain and turn their powers against themselves. He thus conserves his own strength for the moment of striking. Those who understand the secret of winning without strain are able to use the power of others against such persons themselves, so that easily they may be conquered by one great blow calculated for the right time and place as they are wearing themselves down. But the great warrior does not make light of any enemy. He does not lose his caution. He does not disperse his force so that he may not concentrate it as desired quickly for the great blow. Often the great warrior will place his enemy in such position that the enemy will come to think there is no longer any chance of fighting with success. Thus when the enemy is made to think his own defeat, a victory may be won without further bloodshed.

22. The great ruler will not increase weapons to the knowledge of nations beyond the boundaries. Because in doing so he may

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stimulate them to like activity and reprisal. Even the weapons of victory are unblessed by Heaven. Weapons are evil tools and are only for use when unavoidable. Neither the great ruler nor the great warrior will rejoice in the slaughter of men. They seek victory only for the restoration of peace and welfare and for the safety of the Empire.

23. The great warrior holds all his forces from one centre. The great warrior avoids every small fight, except as it may aid him in a great fight which it may be necessary for him to make. The true saint in his own domain and the warfare of his own order will act as does the great ruler and the great warrior.

24. When a great ruler is occupied with the general business and welfare of the people he will harden his heart against special friendships for this one or that one. He will not regard the personal advantage even of his own kin, nor of himself. He will invest with authority only such as have proven themselves most capable in execution of the kind of work to be undertaken for the benefit of the people. He will not interfere with the

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course of an approved plan because of the special interests of anybody. He will let the project proceed and the plan be carried out ; remaining indifferent to persons who stand in the way of it, as the stream in its course is alike indifferent whether straws float in the sunlight on its surface, or whether creatures are caught in it and drowned.

25. If the Empire be governed with reason there will then be no opening given for harmful manias to creep in among the people ; misleading them to their own hurt. The demons of other orders will not intrude where the proper reason of this world prevails. The powers of this world, and of the worlds next involved within and without, do then work evenly and free of interference with each other ; or else in right accommodation when they contact. Yet often, because of the mass nature of the people, that which for the enlightened person seems entirely logical is not practical in the administration of affairs. Therefore somewhat of unreason will make things pass easier for them ; and in the highest this seeming unreason may be reasonable.

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26. The rule of the Empire is like the service of Heaven in this : it goes best in moderation. Establishing an easy policy of moderation in all things of which we naturally partake or share, then the reservoirs of original virtue are filled more and more for us ; and even the excessive will receive some calming influence of our power thus accumulated. In goodwill we fill unconsciously unseen reservoirs of power which serve for our present continuance as happily as may be against our past ; and we assure power for use through various futures which await us. But without self-restraint one cannot rightly serve Heaven or the Empire or even one's own self. Yet it is found that when original virtue flows purely in the heart, then there is no need for self-restraint, or for talk of it. One of such heart has no need for considering the proprieties ; he has no need for measuring himself by rules of conduct. The various virtues are properly apparent only in lower worlds where imperfections abound, and calamities threaten.

27. Some are proud of their long tail of followers. But the sensitive person will feel

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the tag along of it ; and thereby his freedom is checked. On his way to one he is recalled by many. The prudent traveller across the deserts will avoid unnecessary baggage. But for those who would remain to profit here it may be well for them to accumulate on the level of the mass.

28. He who is in line with the people may be great with the people. He may be lasting in the common standing of them. But although all the people were to call me great I would not be in line with them. A man is great as he does not fear being out of line with the people.

29. The gentleman does not conform with a vulgar custom. Neither will the true statesman bend because of the clamour of the ignorant. But inferior persons sway this way and that for power and riches howsoever obtained ; they bow to whatsoever manner of men may for the moment be in possession.

30. When natural health prevails among the people we need not even have the name of health. In natural moderation the people function naturally without any thought or

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fear of disease. We hear nothing then of wonderful medicines ; of expensive fish and unusual fungus and far-fetched horns and rejuvenating reptiles. Yet natural health may fail among the people. And when natural health begins to fail among the people ; when they lose too soon their hair, and lose their vim, and their teeth come to swift decay, then we hear much and too much of these things. When true flowers are gone the vulgar resort to paper flowers. When the natural complexion of health is gone, then the vain vainly resort to cosmetics. So when original virtue is failing among the people, then we hear exhortations concerning justice and benevolence. From justice and benevolence the people slip down to mere prudence and keeping in fashion. Then we have conventional propriety without goodwill ; and much more we have of pretence and hypocrisy.

31. When there is no longer the glow of original virtue in family relations, then we have orderings of filial piety and fraternal obligation ; and many tiresome ceremonies. No outward show of culture can ever take

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the place of original virtue, or have the grace of original virtue. But if original virtue be retained, then ever new cultures of variety and beauty may come of it.

32. When the gentry lose their nobility, and the scholars become mercenary, and the people are no longer honest and industrious and hospitable, then we may tolerate and even encourage censors and exhorters in their preachments of allegiance to the state and service to the neighbours.

33. In service of Heaven, and of the Empire, and of himself, the wise man will seek to acquire that which is lasting rather than that which is merely showy, whether of the material or the spiritual. He prefers the assurance of that which seems to stay rather than the tinsel ornamentation of a day. But yet he will not unduly accumulate even of that which seems solid. He will realize that great abundance of worldly goods wastes time in the thought and care of this and that ; while if he give no thought and care to this and that, then they are to him of no value ; they are as if buried and forgotten underground. And having too

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many one may lose the right enjoyment of any. The zest of life may be had in a few things; and the high glory in one. The zest of life may be so intensified in natural ways by simple labours and occupations that happiness will be radiant from the woman in the kitchen and the man sowing the fields because of the work they do, and the handling they have of things bestowing blessing. Yet that being so, and for the proper diversion of all, let there continue to be students and adepts of the ornamental and the unnecessary. The wise do necessary things only in order to gain leisure and opportunity to slip necessity and do unnecessary things from which there is a chance of deriving pleasure or happiness in some sort. But widely I would give the people to understand that the most meritorious education consists in learning how best to produce and conserve food; and step by step with that how best to resist attack from the eager and envious who will ever be around us and around all, watching for opportunity to injure and dispossess.

34. We should not encumber ourselves

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with ceremonies. The few ceremonies which are of advantage should be as proper and full of meaning to us as the treasured characters of an ancient scripture. They should convey relation and disposition of one to another; they should give hints of intention and desire in more delicate ways than can be done by words. Our ceremonies, both of lesser and greater order, should be the sincere outward expression of inward gentility; a gentility which will be none the less because the message and meaning of the ceremony may be one of displeasure or menace toward another. But what is the use of making a show of the nobler ceremonies when gentility and steadfastness and toleration have vanished? The most threadbare showing of conventionality will then be enough. If gentility vanish, then common consideration may soon follow. If common consideration vanish, then the foundation of true citizenship will crumble. If true citizenship fall, then all will sink to the levels of the inferior among ourselves and of the barbarians without. Gentility acts without brag; consideration acts with-

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out thought of reward ; true citizenship works for the benefit received by all from united action in goodwill for each other. Right ceremony provides channels through which effective unification is made easy. But we should not encumber ourselves with ceremonies.

35. In the dominions and polities of men some gladly produce what we all need. A noble few give fairly for the benefit of their fellows. But most of us only manage to live by taking advantage of the imperfections or the weakness or the wants of others ; whether of our own kind, or of a higher or lower or different kind of life. Yet the ugly bones of our relation one to another may be so covered with urbanity and polite usage as to make a pleasant showing of cordiality. Thus often we may usefully cajole ourselves with the rightness of appearances ; and thereby be encouraged to go right ahead right on our way until our time come to fall and perchance rise.

36. The great ruler will ever strive to conduct himself and his people in the natural economy of things necessary. Natural

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economy of the necessary is concerned only with food and safety. There is a natural policy for things unnecessary; and that is to let all be free to the people to do concerning them as they will. Then affairs will arrange naturally; and the best may come through without the damage of guidance or compulsion or compression. The best is only possible where there is risk of the worst so far as the great issues are concerned. But in natural economy of things necessary the great ruler will never risk the worst in order to obtain the best. He will not gamble with the food or safety of his people.

37. The great ruler will ever conduct himself as one holding a mandate from the Lord Above. And ever he will remember that the mandate of Heaven to any ruler is not irrevocable.

38. Were I ruler of the land I would lead the people in the way of the simple records of old. In a district uncrowded they would live content. Without need of continual instruction from tutors, or of continual admonishment from censors, or the irksome superintendence of inquisitive officials and

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volunteer guardians of their neighbours' virtue, my people would bloom and flourish in loyalty and honesty and industry. Being governed with a show of reason and the light compelling touch they would have confidence in the elders and the gentry and the scholars. I would restore to them the fresh palate of a child, so that they would find the living flavours of roots and fruits more savoury than the spicy confections of the palace cooks. I would have them as cosy in their uncomplicated homes as are the birds deep hidden among the leaves, or sitting on their nests. I would have them colour their homespun garments brightly with pride ; and find beauty easily without cost of things far-fetched. I would have them fit for delight in good weather and bad ; and in all the seasons ; and in all traditional customs promoting fellowship. I would have the members of each class find such pleasure in the work of their own class that they would fancy all other classes contrived for their special convenience and livelihood by the Lord Above. Yet I would leave the ways open for them to change their occupations if

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they saw fit. I would have them observe the ancient holidays of the sun and the moon and the stars. I would have them slow down to live long in the full round of every moment ; and in every moment find a fine glow of the things, and the common things, and the little things around them. My citizens might then hear dogs bark and cocks crow over the border ; but such would seem too far away for curiosity to be greatly stirred about them. All would be so well engaged in their own township that seldom would any have a wish to cross the line. I would make them up-standing ; but without ambition or envy of aught beyond what should be available to them in reason. This I would do by intensifying their capacity for pleasure from wholesome things easily obtained ; and simple deeds easily performed ; and natural knowledge easily acquired. Thus engaged in the proper work and pastimes of men and women they would be as happy as men and women may be ; and for the most part they would go right ahead through life like those who are winning a well-contested game. Slowly, without thought of time, they would come

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like the pine tree to honoured age in high dignity and peace. Then they would die in confidence; like children who go on a journey of entrancement to find a good father and mother waiting for them in a new home.

4. PRACTICAL

1. Provide for things before they exist. Provide against things before they exist. Begin right with things likely to have any relation to you for weal or woe. Begin right with things which you must handle while yet they are small and easy to handle. Consider how all great things begin small. Look at yonder nine-storied pagoda! How happily it holds the lands around in harmony with itself and each other. Of it at first was only the idea unseen. Then the making of a few marks; the drawing of a few lines to hold the idea for the builders. Then the first spadework; the first little upturn of earth; and the low appearance of a mound. From that the pagoda rose gracefully; well-shapen and adorned and pointing to Heaven. Now it radiates right influences over all the neighbourhood. Or consider that old tree

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against which you lean. You cannot gird it with both your arms. Yet it grew itself out of the tiniest root, and the lesser seed of the root, and the unseen within that seed. And I will begin my longest journey with a single step. Now as the great things once were small in order to find entry into this world, so the difficult things also begin in a small way. They begin with an unseen quiver of that which cannot be seen ; from that often with swift increase whirling to great doings.

2. Start your high projects with the first easiest thing to do for a beginning. Do great things first in the small and unseen. He who thinks to make a success at the end while neglecting to start right will often find his work become too hard to go on with even in the first quarter of it. Take action before the fight begins, and while yet it is easy to prepare with a quiet mind. Make fast before the great wind comes. But look also to the end even as you begin. In the management of affairs people constantly break down just when they are nearing success. If they took as much care when they begin to feel assured, and are tasting

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the first fruits of success, as they did at the outset, then far less often would they fail of a happy ending.

3. Accommodate yourself to the best of a bad situation. Twist to avoid. Be ready to work variously to one object. Rigidity in living things is usually evidence of age and decline. Flexility in living things is usually evidence of youth and vitality. The unseen may disintegrate the obvious; and the mind may reduce matter to vanishment when rightly applied; even as the seeming weakness of water by insinuating its finer interior reach may wear down the hardest rock. Nevertheless, be not deceived by wrong application of this or that truth. When I want a spearhead I do not attempt to forge it of water.

4. That which is forced from without to conform has no life therefrom. In that it is dead material to the will of others. That which is living strives to conform itself from within. In so doing it is alive in its own original virtue.

5. Things strongly desired may be brought to pass by one who knows how to wait; and

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how to act by waiting. Some know how to let the wind do their work. Others must row.

6. Cast off to go higher. Shrink to expand. The hidden virtue of the Divine is quick in the reverse. But expand to the world before you try to reduce yourself and enter in the clear beyond. Before you change in the great change you must first raise yourself so that you may have the wherewithal to change. Form and make yourself of yourself for yourself. Was it not for this you took the risk of existence? But having secured a hold for yourself, and achieved the power to sustain yourself and earn your own living in one fashion or another among your fellows, then you may rightfully and usefully act for others. Maintaining yourself, and acting for others, and for long enduring what must therein be endured from life to life of one kind or another, at last will come the rich surprise of finding yourself expanded and actual in the best of the lives of those for whom you have acted.

7. The saints endure by not regarding

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their own desires, nor fearing risk in high places. They are not dismayed by all the disarray of existence. They serve in deep silence; and the reward of their service comes and spreads for all. In silence they pass somewhat of their own peace and wisdom to their friends; and all who are willing to receive are their friends. The saints do the work of life. In attempting to do the work of life there are few who do not wound their hands; and many break their hearts. But high or low, wherever you are, attempt the work of life.

8. I avoid the superfluous of the past as I avoid the superfluous of the dead. The past builds its endless incompletions into the present. I select appropriate incompletions and complete them to my own fancy; thus making a future of my own. I pursue beauty through the imperfect; having what is alive of it. This is the art of art; capturing the virility of the irregular going on. And when I can breathe and feel with a masterpiece of beauty, then I am it; I do not know myself from it. But when I talk with the living person herself I

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do not want to see her picture staring at me. When I am eating a fish I do not want any picture of a fish on my plate. When I place a flower on the table I do not place it in a vessel that is wrought with the painted or graven imagery of flowers. True art and practical living are alike in bringing the appropriate to the present, and excluding the superfluous.

9. Wayfarers will gladly come to my house when I have a good spread on the table, and music with it to make them gay. But should my ineffectual lips open to tell of the Divine, then how futile and without savour it seems to most of them. Indeed, what is there of it for me to tell? And of what use are all these, my words? But when a man has the true wine of the Divine in him he is like to do as I am doing now. Yet perhaps he had best be silent; and soon then he may care as little for his own words in the deep altitudes as do his guests. His body may remain with his guests; serving them politely, in the way the body of a host should do, with the heavy seeming and show of outer things. Yet unlike his guests he may

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in his silence have gone a little step or two beyond himself where the real of joy begins, and the supply never ends. Of what passing little value then to him will appear this trash of the world for which we drudge and struggle and break our hearts?

10. I say all things are as trash cast out of the house; except for the Moving Presence of the Blue that wanders wonderfully through them. I say all creatures are as the mockery of straw dogs offered to unheeding Gods in vain sacrifice; except for the Voice which calls through them, calling from the heartlessness of this world.

11. He who has glimpsed the secret of secrets does not wrangle about it. Those who wrangle about it can hardly be said even to be going ahead in the direction of it. He who has heard the far call of it remains silent; telling no man of it yet; acting as a wise courier under secret orders who avoids drawing any attention to himself.

12. Honour your host by coming to the feast with clean hands. Think not to satisfy your host with your unfit^e appearance by

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reference to the eminence of your family, or the perfections of your elder brother. Your hands will not be clean because your brother has taken a bath.

13. It is possible to have benefit of the riches of another, although one may have no riches of his own. To this may be likened the easy way of being lifted on high by merit and grace of another. In this the only merit which seems to be required of you is to be willing to receive that which is offered. This is the easiest merit known to mortals. Trust another above you. The grace thereof may be received only by those upon whom grace is conferred. But that which is conferred upon you by grace of another is never the supreme attainment to which the unrest within you continually calls. Better to pass through yourself from yourself in your own. In no other way may you return open to the clear.

14. When those who truly seek the Divine come together as before the Divine they will not descend to distinguishing their rank one from another. They will not even be

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recognizing themselves when they become aware in the Divine. Being in it they will know none but it.

15. One who has become aware in the Divine, whether in great or lesser degree, will seek no honour for himself because of that. He cannot find it worth while. If he vaunt of his attainment, then take that as proof that he is but a straw dog to the Divine.

16. To one who has touched in the Divine, however lightly, the merit of it will not fail. To such a one the loss of the body is no calamity; he goes not out in darkness. He goes forth open in his own light; he is high in the double continuing.

17. It should be a simple thing to keep a natural channel clear. It is ever an important thing. Your body is a natural union of channels through which to receive what can be transformed to its own proper use, and to eject what remains of refuse and its own decay. In this scheme it holds in union with one centre so long as the centre holds for it. If the channels remain clear to receive and eject you should be in a fair

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way of health. Now as your body is wrought in the scheme of a union of channels, so you, involved in a multiplicity of yourself, may yet be a union of channels for so much of the pure power as may be worked to proper use through you. When your channels are clear for the pure power, then you will be in a fair way of happiness. When I am clogged with woe-breeding desires and grievances, then I am cut off from any receipt of the Divine.

18. It is only by withdrawing into the clear entirely that the fullness of rest can be obtained. I am ever liable to heartache while I am separate and apart and confined of myself. But when I am no longer thus separate and apart and confined of myself, what then need this centre suffer? The circumference of my circle having been removed I do not replace it while I remain merely a point in the clear. Yet from that point if I will I may possess of this separate thing and that separate thing as vacancy possesses whatever appears in it. When I am of vacancy, then all the motions of life

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are through me and are mine as I will. Attaining the clear I am of the silence in and around all sound. And from that I may dream through all the dreams of all.

MORAL

1. True words may be crude ; and because of that may go unheeded. The false may be finely expressed ; and because of its fine form may be acceptable to many. But now whether my words be crude or fine I come to you and say : Weigh my words as the words of one suspect. Consider my words as spoken by an enemy. But if my words prove true in any one thing for your comfort or advantage, then try them also in another thing, and yet another. My words are easy to understand ; my way is a plain way, and easy to follow.

2. Between the words *thus* and *so* how small a difference ! But between the actual of right and wrong how great a difference !

3. Your opinion may be *thus* ; and the opinion of another may be *so*. Yet however great your learning, do not sneer at other

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folk because of anything which they may sincerely hold in reverence. Do not be vulgar in your laughter against that which another may do sincerely in an effort to be right. Among men reject none striving to be proper in their place. The high saint would help all men ; for to him all are worth helping. The sage would preserve all things which at any time in any place may be put to any proper use.

4. If I lose the Divine through passion for the treasures of this world my loss is great indeed. But I fear not the treasures of this world ; nor do I condemn them. If we leave the jade in the mountains, and the gold in the river sands, then for us there will be no jade and no gold. But how are we any richer in the Divine for that ? Do you love the baby less because he is happy with a rattle now rather than with you ? Or are the stars less in the sky because of the coloured kites the children fly ? The sage will have all things in their place ; and will enjoy more than others all that may be enjoyed without rightful objection from

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others. He will share in their joy and have his own of it as well. The true saint on his way turns not from things outwardly pleasant for fear they may lead him inwardly astray. The true saint is not afraid. The true saint seeking the Heavenly Way in the light of his own heart will go smiling above any darkness of passion. Nevertheless he turns from all that would make him lose hold on himself. He may pass by many a sun-kissed pool of mire with no longing to roll therein. But for all that he will not disparage the proper swine and the other wallowing things which do. As far as may be the true saint will let each go his own way. To him all of existence is as trash to the least moment of the Divine which he seeks and follows. If then the whole world will not avail to divert him from one moment in the Divine, why should he turn a sour face to the lovable trifles of life? If he do, then he is that much less of a saint; he may be a sick fanatic serving a jealous Demon.

5. While we are awake and active it is

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through moderation in all things desirable as we pass on our way that we may expect the growth of the Pure Power within us. Avoiding the evil of straining after good through self-mortification we find that the practice of moderation and goodwill without overmuch importuning will open the way for a natural accumulation of the Pure Power within us. Thus we may acquire a storage of it; and eventually it will make all things possible for us which in the face of Heaven we may desire. But, as has been told you of old, if your faith be insufficient you will receive no faith. And not having faith how can you exert the power? And how can the power work through that which provides no body for it?

6. The foul eruptions of excess subside and are healed as we practise moderation and clean simplicity. In the secret of simplicity we may come again to finding green jade and gold and countless flowers of delight in things common and cheap and shyly all around us.

7. He who plays in tune with Heaven may

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reach to all the music of Heaven. He who treads the way of virtue may become one with the trend of all virtue. But he who treads the way of vice may become entangled thereby with all vices. He who gives way to malice will be himself twisted with the discords of all malice.

8. Those who make a show of beauty not for beauty but for selfish display and increase of their own standing thereby exude an aura of ugliness, even about the beauty they have. Likewise when virtue would parade its virtue for applause and public preferment how repulsive virtue becomes !

9. The good man will put his personal interest last in the interest of his fellows ; and later his personal interest will come to the front ; but seldom from his fellows. The good man surrenders his life, and his life is preserved ; but not here. Because he seeks not his own he will receive of the highest as his own ; but not now.

10. He who overcomes others must be strong or clever. But he who overcomes

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himself is a hero. Courage in combat may lead to death ; courage in compromise may preserve life. But at times it may be an evil thing to preserve life ; at times it may be a good thing to go to death. He who is not so anxious for his passing life, as if that life were his only life, is worthier before the face of Heaven than he who is anxious to preserve his passing life, as if such life were all of life to him. But decide as seems best on each occasion. In highest courage the hero is never swayed one way or the other by any consideration for the opinion of others concerning his courage.

11. When merit has been acquired by you, then somewhat of the benefit thereof may be acquired by others through you ; and whether you will or not in some cases. Do not hug merit as only your own ; and then the source of merit will not fail in you.

12. Let him who knows his own merit be content to await its revealment in the time that will come right for it. The lily is revealed from ugliness in its own right season. If one of exceeding merit suffer

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disgrace in silence, then Heaven in due season will open for him.

13. Do right without display. Keep as it were behind in the Way, and it shall be as the front for you. Keep out if need be to make room for others, and you shall be established within. He who would be a great senior on the Way must be founded in humility. He who would be safely high must have the rock of lowliness under him.

14. The wise receive insults as if street dogs were barking at their heels. They will not allow themselves to be so upset by it as to lose their grip on themselves, or be blocked in their purpose.

15. The great seniors are more anxious to discharge their obligations than to press for settlement of their own claims. The ignoble are far more concerned to establish their claims against others, and to evade the claims of others against them. After a great quarrel a certain ill-feeling is left behind, even although a formal and just settlement has been made. How shall the

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smouldering of this evil fire be quenched? Let him who is adjudged in default give more than the judge directs; and let him who has been injured offer with sincere courtesy to take less than the judge directs. In this principle the two in dispute about what may be due from one to the other may arrive again to happy relations.

16. Be square without being sharp. Be honest without being close. Be straight without being finical. If the people class you as a shining citizen you may be quietly pleased about it, or you may forget it. But do not strut because of what you have, or because of what people think you have. It may pass as an amusing show on the part of children and be excusable in the very old; but it is not becoming in adults. In the public places you may indeed gain the reputation that a loud mouth gains; and you may learn to become an expert bawler against others in order to spread your own reach, and lift your own standing. But good deeds only will gain lasting friends through the change that comes to all; and

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the good deeds themselves will be as your best friends.

17. Let him who is strong and knows his strength conceal his strength. Let him become unaggressive and gentle as a little child. Receive hatred with your heart remaining rich in humanity. Do not let yourself be infected with the malice of another. Receive kindness as a child receives an unexpected gift, and give without thought of return.

18. Defer to age, and make children glad. Be quick to tell a good report which you may have heard about another; be slow to uncover anything to the shame of another. Comfort the orphan; help the widow; and be compassionate with all things that live; for you also are in the default of life. Act as if the misfortunes of others were your own; and learn to be happy in the happiness of all who are happy. But be very sure that you know the way ahead before you venture to direct others.

19. It may be hard for us to find the Divine in great things; and we may have

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intimate touch with the Divine through trifles. The divine quality does not come because of quantity. We may heap magnitude on magnitude for ever, and yet have no touch from the Divine therein. Nor is there abasement in the minute. The Divine may run and lighten happily through the trivial.

20. He who is lame may yet advance far on the Heavenly Way; and he who has gone far may yet go astray. He who remains obscure may be made safe; and he who bends may come straight. In the Heavenly Way he who is rightly empty of himself shall be filled with more than himself; and he who is rightly worn out of this life shall be reborn to greater life.

21. The net of Heaven is of so wide a mesh that we may all slip through it here and there, and time and again. But the net of Heaven swings so wide, and so doubles and redoubles on itself, that not the least may ever finally escape it; nor the greatest ever finally break through it.

22. The good or evil or indifferent con-

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sequences of good or evil or indifferent conduct soon or late overtake the doer. There is more of indifferent in all conduct and all consequences than there is of good or evil at any one standpoint of anyone. Nevertheless, the consequences follow and make the outer ; and somewhat other beyond and above and below the outer ; and always they revert within. Consequences may not always follow closely, like a shadow ; but they are involved of the foregoing ; and they follow more surely than a shadow. They follow in light and in dark ; in waking and in sleeping ; in life here and in life there, and in the reverse of all life.

23. I fail in doing hard things which remain for me to do. I am not yet in the quality of a hero. But when I attain the pure power, then the hard things become easy ; and easily I glide upward and downward and between obstructions. Accumulating the pure power one may have all of all as he will until he unrounds from all apartness in the clear. There is no better way of attaining the pure power, and having it

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accumulate for happiness within you, than to go right ahead right without striving to attain it. This clear power may transform you clearly without appeal to it; without sacrifice to it; without calculating it; without contemplating it; without having any sacred name for it. It may lift you divinely without ever your knowing anything about it.

24. Three qualities I prize among the precious things. The first is cordiality; and the second is moderation; and the third is modesty. Those who can feel with others can best be brave. Those who are not spendthrift can best be generous. Those who can best be trusted for great service are never disposed to parade themselves.

25. But now if I can write no other thing I would write this: To those who are good, be good. To those who are not good, be good also; and perchance you may lead some of them to be good. With those who are faithful, keep faith. With those who are not faithful, keep faith also; and perchance you may lead some of them to keep faith. Considering the righteousness of the

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highest I ask : If a man be bad in this or in that how can it be right for you to cast him out entirely without hope? And facing the highest in their righteousness I say : Return good for evil ! Be kind to those who injure you ! And what I say to the highest I say to the lowest and to all : Go ahead without fuss ! Do right without argument ! Trying to benefit many, and yet not neglecting that which strives to achieve through you ; trying to avoid injuring any, and yet continuing to live as you must : that is going right ahead right ; that is the Heavenly Way !

Farewell

HAVING written his book about going right ahead right, the Ancient One gave the manuscript into the hands of his friend, the Keeper of the Western Gate. Into the writing he had put much of the accumulated treasure of his thought. There followed a dreary reaction.

Over one who has just accomplished any high work there may fall the gloom; the feeling of having lost hold; the feeling of failure, or of being forsaken; or, worse than that, the awful feeling of the futility of all.

The Old Boy became dejected, and lonely for he knew not what. He was very human; and he realized that there was no more human thing for him to do but go. So not long after that, at the close of a golden day in autumn, he arose with the great age on him. He climbed the ramp to the watch tower above

the wall ; and the archers and spearmen stood to attention as he passed. He was a very tall man, and stately, as those of his race then were. But he never showed himself as in any way aware of his standing.

The Western Hills were ablaze with the setting sun. Gazing around him, topside of the tower, his eyes were opened in power to overlook the Empire. The hour had come. His mind was fixed to set forth that very night toward the outer deserts. Then he said farewell ; and from the tower his voice went forth to all the confident citizens of the Empire, and in it there was a sound of no meaning to them ; and unheard except by a few. Yet some in spirit heard him that day, however far away. His words were recorded by one who stood near, but who was not free to follow.

“ Look ! See ! All men seem in a glow of happiness ; well satisfied with themselves. The people now are as those who feast high on a garden pavilion at the bright Spring Festival. But me ; I am forlorn as one who has no home. I am like a new-born babe

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which has not yet given one smile to its own mother. These others; how proudly they shine in their own light! I alone seem to be in darkness. These others; they are clever and knowing. What riches indeed are theirs; what upstanding men they are! But me; I droop and am thrown to the waste like a threadbare flag for which no wind will ever blow again! I seem to have no vim for new things; and no zest left for old things. I am a drifter now with no harbour to enter. Yet a spirit stirs in me restless as the waves of the ocean. I hear the sounding for the great change. The wind that is not of this world is come. And now I see what others may not see; for I see that I am not forsaken of my Immortal Mother Above. In my destitution she comes and bends over me. To her only I bow; trusting her now and for ever. Come you near, all of you! Come you near now and hear! My words are easy to understand; my way is a plain way, and easy to follow. There is more than ever appears. Is that not simple? There is ever beyond. Is that not plain? Goodwill is the

Farewell

only way to a better beyond; and goodwill is the only way of peace and restoration here. Is there any dark thing in that? Yet the world will not understand my words; nor will the people come clean to receive the spirit of which I am risen to tell. But all my teachings are founded on one universal rock; and all my teachings stand straight and unafraid in the light of Heaven. Those who will not open their hearts for the light to enter and the pure power to be released through them will not understand. Those who know me here are few. Because of that my rank may be higher on high. But now the crooked is to become straight; now the empty is to become full; now the worn-out is to become new; and that which was shattered is to become whole. Men of the world, I go! Ho, Keeper of the Western Gate! Open wide for one who goes forth obscure and in old garments! But these old garments cover a jewel that is too precious for any barter of this world. And the glory of it is alight in my heart for evermore!"

Then the gate was opened wide; and the

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Venerable, the Prince of Philosophers, passed through alone and beyond into the deserts of the West, and never again was seen of men. None know where the old body lay down to die.

The Afterglow

OF course there are stories ; stories which come wild of their own beauty. These stories are not coldly devised of set purpose by priests and poets, as the disenchanters delight to say. They are stories from stories ; and they come promiscuously through to many who are variously attuned to the tremor of them ; however unqualified they may be for relaying them in terms of this world. Thus there may be a confusion of dream-flowers, sown of truth in realms beyond reach of the flesh ; but still retaining some equivalence of colour or fragrance for the assurance of those who would understand through them. This is no place for me to try and set them out in order. Yet in passing this little one clings for the telling. And it says :

Before night fell, and as the Prince went through the Western Gate, his own mother, the star-enamoured one, appeared and served

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him with a delicate, innocent drink; a drink till then unused by men. After that certain of his disciples, who observed from a distance, doubtful and disconsolate, were approached by the mother while the Ancient One went on his way. They also were served by her. She gave them instruction in the knowledge and preparation of an herb for that drink. She taught them the dainty art of drawing only the virtue from it; and the quantity to be used, and the exact boiling of the water. She instructed them also in greater and lesser ceremonials for serving it on special occasions; and the value then of clean premises, and the removal of dust.

Thus the gentle communion of tea was established among men; secretly at first, as a memorial of mystery for a few, but widely accepted in centuries following as an ordinary comfort at almost every civilized table; saving the people from bad cold water, or the curse of something worse.

Among the other stories I think it a misconceived tradition which tells how from the deserts that night the Prince returned on a

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ray of starlight to the sky. He did that. But not to any outerness of our sky; nor yet in any way that may be seen of ordinary eyes.

Ages after the disappearance of the Ancient One there were some who presumed to say that they had word from him; and that he had vowed to remain in the air of this world until all its creatures were saved in the great way. There are those likewise who would lodge him with a select band said to direct us from the mountain-tops; masters of a sort who are fancied by their devotees as supervising all evolution of their fellows below, and perhaps of the lesser animals and things as well. But in high scorn how the Prince would have rejected their well-meant meddling, if any such there be; as well as the complacent pretensions of those who proclaim in their name. Above all how he would have rejected the notion that the ever-available pure power might lapse exhausted, or ineffectual for living creatures after their arrival in human form, unless saints and saviours and great teachers take the care and cure of their souls

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in hand, with the invisible assistance of a well-trained celestial civil service, and a hierarchy of glorified pedagogues, eager as ever up-stairs to turn the open, blue, green, free-for-all of the world down here into a school, or a beehive, or some state political like that. In the eye of the Old Boy there were daffodils and daisies and violets and sweet briar roses long before ever there were any gardeners; and in the outlook of his philosophy they will bloom on beautifully in the wild long after all the jealous and regulating gardeners are gone.

Mediums may receive from exhorting ghosts among the low-lying and undistinguished dead certain jumbled but genuine messages; and they may purport to be from this one or that one of renown. I do not know; and so I do not deny. But seems to me that these thick and thin invisibles, whatever they may be, like very well the game of pretending; not joyously and innocently as children do, but pompously, and for what vitality and thrill they may have thereby from passive and patient congregations. Eventually they may sink in the swamp of it; and their victims in

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the body may reek of necrotoxic vapours, causing insane delusions or epilepsy.

The Prince is gone. But still there is the rich afterglow from one who attained the secret of secrets. Still some of the shining tracks are to be seen which he left in goodwill for all things that live, and for all who would return to the clear wherein he is. The pure power in which he went on high remains for all for ever. It is the Heavenly Way. And that way will ever remain a way of heroes and alluring wonders and sweet mothers in simplicity.

Along the sunset avenues of another time I came to the legended ruins of a temple built in the long ago by the Old Boy who passed so obscurely but finely through this world. Devils may prowl around holy places; and wistful ghosts may drift around forgotten shrines. Yet no harm will come of them to any who go there without malice; and those who attend in goodwill may even bring somewhat of relief and peace to the lost and evil ones unseen. In the dry, sunlit waste around that neglected temple I found a few flowers

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wild to the wind. There came of them a faint fragrance; and they told me of the clear into which all may pass.

The Prince is dead and away. And other great ones who followed after; they also are dead and away. But it can never be of disaster for us that any, having attained, have gone for ever out of this world. That which they sought and taught and attained remains available for all from the greatest to the least of things that live. Those who have passed beyond all clutching hands of the things apart are as stars in proof and assurance of our greatest hope. What one has done of himself another may do of himself; and in passing on and out even those unnoticed and unknown, and they are many, do make the way somewhat plainer and smoother for those who follow.

The Ancient One proclaimed no person, or embodied thing whatsoever, as being necessary for one who would wake in the Divine. He knew one ever-available and all-sufficient pure power which is before any Lord Above; and which may be found sufficiently of each living thing within itself. The emphasis of the

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teaching is on that power as power; and not as a vague symbol or moral precept. It is declared to be a power inexhaustible, and actual for application high or low; the very power of powers.

We, and the endless other insignificances above and below: we all drive or drift on through the dream of existence, and thus make what significance it may have so far as we are concerned. But the Ancient One put forth the immemorial teaching that all the vast and all the minute of our seeming universe will vanish like a sorrow forgotten from one who attains clear beyond the double continuing of existence. While we continue to stand out, each from a point apart, this may not be easily realized, except as one may sometimes vaguely realize that he is dreaming, and through his dreaming may strive to waken; or else if happy will try to avoid the drear awakening, and go deeper into the dream. We may have a clue also to the clear by remembering the vanishment when we waken out of the ever-expanding distress and horror of that hell-delirium we call a nightmare. In the twinkle

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of wakening all evil contact with the infernal, with all its involvements which were of direst reality to us, and with all the seeming permanence and endlessness of them, are gone.

To make the great escape; to win salvation; to open divinely awake: that at times is what quickens the original religion of longing in every creature that lives. Whether in the brightwit of a God, or the darkwit of a stone, that longing may sleep against its fall to apartness. But it never dies. And it was surely with this in mind that the Old Boy wrote: "All of existence is but as trash cast out of the house, except for the Divine which wanders wonderfully through it." When he began by indicating that the method which can be methodized is not the supreme method, I think he meant not only that the principle is ever beyond any possible application of it, but that there is always a beyond greater than any totality of the actual. With this first step he leads us forth on a long journey; and of that first step we come stumbling of ourselves to some notion of that which is unlimited of existence; neither one nor not one. The

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Old Boy realized that because in existence we are all apart we can never be more than a part alive; and that the more apart we are the more involved for weal or woe and both. He reveals a far way in religion; beginning here and now with one step in goodwill; than which there is no greater step. He proclaimed the value for all of a simple life in goodwill; without tying ourselves up in knots about it. And for those who finally weary of themselves and the disparities of existence he seems to have said: "Come on out! On your way there is a Way!" He seems to have pointed to a clear of existence as being a reality and consummation attainable and precious beyond expression.

For those bred in a concept of God it may at first be difficult to appreciate a sincere religion in which the going home is nameless of God. Yet in the way of it there may be no great difference. And under all it is the same.

Life is a killing experience. But meanwhile, through the seeming of an everlasting, indifferent drift of differences, and through all

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the tangles of imperfection, we may find opportunities for helping each other, and the other living unfortunates involved with us, over rough places. Now and then, in what time we may slip loose and free from our own selves, drudging or fighting through this forlorn orphanage of the world, we may accommodate each other; we may render reciprocal service. Every so often by that we may win to happy hours. Or else in loyal denial and defiance we may steadily endure for somewhat which seems waving to us from afar; finer than any offer of present happiness. Either way it should be good enough to cheer us along now on our journey through the uncertain; a journey at times very dreary and hard, and for some very fearful. But for the rest and more, and knowing no more, we may all march always to the tune of going right ahead right; head up and unafraid in the plain way, the free way, the open way of goodwill.

Postscript

LEE IR, better known as Lau Tze—the Old Boy, the Child of Lau, the Venerable Philosopher—was born in the state of Chu, China, in the year 604 B.C., according to the historian Ssu Ma Chien, who lived there, and whose *Historical Memoirs* were published in the second century before Christ. This historian confirms the accepted tradition of Lee Ir being Custodian of the Archives at Loyang, the old capital city where the court of the Chou Dynasty had been established through a period of about five hundred years before Lee Ir was born. Through that period of power and comparative peace the emperors of the Chou Dynasty and the literati and gentry united in exerting their influence on the side of uniformity, standardization, and stilted ways; and these were very bad for virile artistry and spontaneous life and original explorations; and very distasteful to men like Lee Ir. There is a story also, which I believe, that for double that period, and double that again, the old golden climate of the land, and the willing fertility of the soil, had been deteriorating, and that the character and physique of the people had undergone a like change. So it was that not many centuries after the departure of the Old Boy, these people had become so one hundred per cent. of one that in the mould provided by the teachings of Confucius they became the Chinese people as we have known them, and as they have been for the last twenty centuries; a nation of filial conformists with marked virtues and contradictory failings.

Postscript

In this age, however, they seem once more to be headed for an essential change; but whether for better or worse is now our serious question, there being vastly too many of them in the world.

It is said that when the Old Boy was born under the blossoming plum tree his baby hand pointed upward toward the full beauty above him. Both his mother and the old amah who was with her took it for a sign that he should be called Lee, which in their language meant plum. His secondary name, Ir, meant ear; but he probably came by that later. He is sometimes represented in idol form with ears long, pendulous, and in proportion fairly elephantine; similar to those shown on conventional images of Gautama, and other enlightened sages and saints of the Buddhist Church. Maybe the artists first engaged to make these images had some respectful notion in mind of the ears of Ganesh, the elephant-headed idol of the Hindus, signifying Divine Wisdom; just as with us a white dove may signify Divine Peace, and a stained-glass lamb Divine Sacrifice.

YIN HSI, the Keeper of the Western Gate, caused copies of the Tau Teh King—the Scripture of the Right or Heavenly Way—to be carefully made at his home, after the departure of Lee Ir. But there will be none of these original copies to be found now I think, even among the bamboo books of secret hermitages and temples on the hills. And Yin Hsi himself, under name of Kuan Yin Tze, wrote a book before he died, wherein he supplemented the Tau Teh King with remembered sayings and methods of his great guest. But this book also was lost entirely during the Han Dynasty; and the authenticity of the copy produced later has been questioned by scholars, although some admit that in part it contains a profound

philosophy in harmony with the teaching of the Old Boy.

SHINTO, from the Chinese words Tien Tau or Shien Tau, meaning the Heavenly Way or Way of the Upper World, was one of the names given by the Japanese to their indigenous religion after they had accepted a certain measure of letters and culture from China. Shinto is a primeval and very pure form of religion. It is not dependent for its authority or continuance upon any formal dogmas or divinely organized hierarchy or divinely inspired book. It has no set of moral commandments; it assumes that decent conduct is known naturally by all persons, and that there is a natural tendency to do right. All under Heaven, both living and dead, are held to be alike of the present; and from different standpoints occasionally and variously interested in the flow of affairs. In the contemplation of Shinto the Gods, under Heaven, and the venerated heroes and lesser guardian and locational deities, are generally comfortable persons, and disposed to respond to prayers addressed to them properly by those who are clean. In addition to ceremonies of inauguration and recognition and remembrance this religion concerns itself only with inculcating physical cleanliness; together with a syncategoric devotion to one's family, to the right interests of the neighbours, and to one's country. Any national or international service of prayer and recollection, or of intercession or thanksgiving, conducted by clergy of the Broad Church in Westminster Abbey is purely in the spirit of Shinto. And if ever Shinto priests rise to do the like on behalf of a foreign nation we might then well say that their service would be in the spirit of highest Christianity.

There was wine in the world before Jesus made it sacred; and it may be, in spite of the pretty, traditional

Postscript

story of the Tauists, that long before the departure of the Old Boy men drank tea as a beverage, instead of merely using it as a medicine. It would seem that tea was unknown to Confucius. But lack of mention by a contemporary writer, dealing with the life and customs of his time, is a weak argument against a thing having been in use in his day, or against a person having lived or a teaching having been then current. The writer may have considered such as of no particular interest; or he may even have been averse to any mention or recognition whatsoever. Be all that as it may, a sure thing is that after the disappearance of Lee Ir through the Han Pass the ceremonial drinking of tea as a memorial observance in his honour was instituted by his followers. In this connection it may be mentioned that about a thousand years later the monks of the Zen Branch of the Buddhist Church used to gather at certain times before the shrine of Bodhi Dharma, an Indian patriarch who was their founder in China, and in turn ceremonially drink tea in remembrance of him from one consecrated bowl. After the Zen mode of religion ceased to be apparent in China it grew strong in Japan. There it acquired military virtues, but lost its tendency to produce great artists. It still clung, however, to the peaceful communion service of tea in memory of Bodhi Dharma (Daruma); and doubtless from the first Zen monasteries came later the esthetic, secular tea ceremonial of Japan.

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